

SALLIE TISDALE:

MY ORGASM, MYSELF

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1994 • \$2.50

EXCLUSIVE!

Look Who's Talking

WOODY ALLEN

on

- Mia's Revenge
- Soon-Yi's Charms
- Life in Exile
- And, of Course, Death

By Bill Zehme



**JIMMY
BRESLIN**

Jealousy, Rage,
Murder, and
Other Acts
of Love

**MARTHA
SHERRILL**

Don Imus's
Private Parts

**MARK
KRAM**

Buddy Ryan:
The NFL's
Worst
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Plus

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by

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Twenty feet. (Bucky little bastard.)



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My Orgasm, Myself

BY SALLIE TISDALE

A physiological, psychological, cultural, anthropological, social, and natural history of the greatest sixty or so seconds known to man (or woman, in this case). Have one on us.

77

Woody Allen in Exile

BY BILL KURRK

In the aftermath of his year in hell, the embattled auteur is back with a new film and finally ready to speak candidly about his life without Mia, without his children, and without apologies. A guy like this could use a good shrink.

84



Monsters of the Heart

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Othello goes tabloid: While all eyes are fixed on a courtroom in L.A., a meditation on romance, rage, and mad acts of jealousy.

92



The King of I

BY MARTHA SHERRILL

That giant sucking noise you hear may be the sound of Bob Dole, Bill Bradley, and even that "fat pantload in the White House" kissing up to the I-Man, Don Imus, the powerful court jester of the radio.

98

Bully Ball

BY MARK KRAM

For a man who prides himself on raw-knuckled defense, Buddy Ryan is considered the most offensive man in the NFL. Now the pugnacious coach is gearing up to raise trouble in Arizona.

108



The Extremes of Honor

BY POPE BROCK

Two years ago, the United States Naval Academy was torpedoed by the biggest cheating scandal in its 140-year history. But it was how the matter was investigated—cover-ups, denials, and shallow justice—that nearly blew Annapolis out of the water.

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BOSS
HUGO BOSS

1 WEEK

Model Michael Flinn running late for work.



Reality Check

Rupert Murdoch almost joins the Moonies, Shakespeare bangs out with the boys (Allen Ginsberg, too), and Aaron Spelling gets frugal. Plus: Are you the next Mr. Anna Nicole Smith? By Jeannette Walls **38**

Man At His Best

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Gentleman

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Three of a Kind Vested suits return. Photographs by Andrew Eccles **150**

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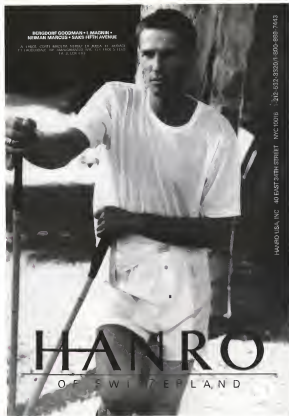
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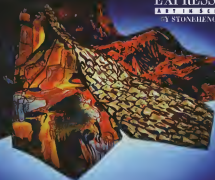
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AFTER REFINING your July cover, I can say only one thing: Billy Joel has lost his mind!

—LARRY GONZALES
Alhambra, Calif.

Kafka Crash

COMING TO REQUEST for its brutal summer fiction issue, each July I was, however, confused by R. Crumb's depiction of Franz Kafka's "The Metamorphosis." In 1915, Kafka wrote to the publisher that "the insect itself" cannot be depicted. It cannot even be shown from a distance! Do bring us more fiction (and work from artists like R. Crumb) just don't mess around with it so much.

—MICHAEL BARE
New York, N.Y.



I WAS PLEASSED to see your excerpt from the book *Translating Kafka*, illustrated by R. Crumb. It inspired this project and wrote the text, and the Kafka that appears in your excerpt is my translation. Without in the least wanting to take away from the work of my wonderful collaborator, I feel that the merest mention of my name would have been welcome.

—DAVID ZANE MAJEROWITZ
Aurora, Penn.

Whose Last Laugh?

ESQUIRE'S MAJESTIC TRIBUTE to Richard M. Nixon ("Why Was This Man Laughing?" July) was seamless, panoramic, unswerving, mean-spirited, disrespectful, and mocking. It was also very funny and an appropriate eulogy for our thirty-seventh president. David Nixon always got as good as he gave—in life and now in death. Long live Tricky Dick!

—RYAN VALLI
Sarasota, Fla.

IN REGARD to "Nixon in Heaven," by Gerry Wills (July), and the *Deborah's Achievements Extra*, you won The last droplets of righteous venom are yours to spew forth because the man isn't around to defend himself. I was not a fan of much of Richard Nixon's public history, but I find myself embarrassed

by this unbecoming need to get the last word in. By so vehemently locking a man when he's dead, you display a level of paranoia and vindictive small-mindedness that can only be called, with no small amount of irony, Nixonian.

—MICHAEL K. WILLIS
San Diego, Calif.

HAVING CAREY WILLS write the eulogy to Richard Nixon is akin to having Jerry Falwell review Norma MacCracken's *I Am For*.

—MICHAEL MCCARTHY
San Jose, Calif.

CONGRATULATIONS to O'Garry Wills for maintaining his convictions and not giving in to the bathetic blather over the vile Richard Nixon. It's refreshing to have someone so reverent as that Whitegate reviewer of a career filled with paranoia, scheming, vindictiveness, and a contempt for the Constitution.

—DAN O'NEILL
Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN WAYNE BOBBITY DEER have breathed a sigh of relief upon the death of Richard M. Nixon. Finally, the media has another dead Dick to boot.

—EARL E. GOODMAN
Caryville, Tenn.

And We Have a Winner

I'M SURE OF REGARDING as "Andre" I need to be charged to that the power can receive the award ("The Agony and the Ecstasy," by Mike Lapina, July). Well, maybe we can look at it this way: Who better to determine the award winners than a person who knows best about being obnoxious and annoying?

—RANDY MIERLIS
Highville, N.Y.

Ignoble Nobel

IT BEARS MAKES NO difference to me (or my colleagues in history) that Kury Mulla spends most of his time banking and drinking in his occasional pleasure done ("Is Kury Mulla God?" by Emily Yoffe, July). Still, I have one request: Kury, between slow con-

formable snows, why not indulge your self, and us, with another brainstorm of a relevant scientific journal?

—JOHN H. ENGLISH
Northborough, Mass.

KUDOS to Emily Yoffe for endorsing the affections of Kury Mulla to write "Is Kury Mulla God?" One wouldn't think that moonwalking a Nobel-prize winner could qualify as a dangerous assignment, but apparently you never can tell.

—J. D. WHITMAN
Tomb, Okla.

Betrayed

EDWARD BOWGLANE's "Strange Performance" (June) is his final betrayal of his co-wife and his last sister, Marion Nagel. Haglund chose for reasons known only to himself, to compose a crude, inaccurate caricature of her, and then, having succeeded in very often one fashion, he tells us, "I will care for her." One has to wonder what this man would write about those he does not care for.

—HENRY MAGID
Chaffin, N.J.

Check Clarifications

REGARDING THE ITEM on the Webel Case (Reality Check, July), I was represented by Robert Jensen and his law firm, not Charlotte Fischman, and Kylan's first name is Tom, not Jack.

—EDWARD W. HATTE
New York, N.Y.

JUNE'S REALITY CHECK column has just been about Nancy Reagan that is tied to me by an indirect quote. Nancy Reagan never called me to ask about Bill Clinton's love life (as if I would know), and I never and she did. Your item is absolutely, totally false, and you owe her a major apology.

—SHEILA TATE
Washington, D.C.


THE EDITORS REPLY: Esquire stands by the facts in both stories except for Kylan's first name. Sincere apologies to Tom Wyle.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1375 K Street, N.W., New York, N.Y. 10004. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

weather or not



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A bolt of burning energy



A bolt of burning energy

A bolt of lightning shatters trees. A bolt of human energy shelters children. Fighting to stop the horrors of ethnic war, Robert Azzi helps young people escape Bosnia and find new lives across the ocean. Timberland is proud to honor someone who pulls on his boots and makes a difference.

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"Boots, Socks, Clothing, Hair, Water, Earth And Sky."



Hurricane in progress.

Hurricane in progress.

A hurricane smashes trees. A human hurricane smashes the roots of hatred. Armed with plays and passion, dramatist Anna Smulovitz helps children in racially troubled communities tear down the barbed wire of prejudice. Timberland is proud to honor someone who pulls on her boots and makes a difference.

She's not a model. She's a model person.

Shirts, Shirts, Customs, Vans, Water, Earplugs And Sky.

TRIVIA QUESTION: In the forty-one-year history of Esquire, who has appeared on the most covers? (Baley, our mismatched dop of a mascot, doesn't count.)

Marjory! (Thinking?) Ho-lee! All good guesses—they rich had one. Well, how about all those Kevyns? (Buddy has had three Bobbys, four And JFK has ground two.)

The answer, amazingly, is Woody Allen, who this month makes his such and possibly most controversial recent appearance. Allen first posed for Esquire in September 1964, during his early years as a comic. In 1966, he was photographed for us with Ann Margulies ("I'd never met her before," he says now, "and I came into the studio and they said, 'Okay, Woody, now lie down on top of her,' which I did, and she was very sweet about it.") Allen was featured again in the Seventies, when he defied film comedy, and in 1981, as the mature auteur. He didn't exactly pose for his fifth cover—the *Duhnois Architecture* of 1991 issue—but, hey, every one's entitled to a bad year. In Allen's case, it was a very bad year. Which brings us to number six and our story by senior writer **Bibi Stalme**, "So, You're the Great Woody Allen?" (page 84), in which Allen proves there is life after hell and goes a long way toward putting the annals (horribly—Bibi Yi, Ma, and the child-molester charges—behind him. "Considering what Woody's been through, it's amazing he's so productive," says Stalme, who has written two cover stories in a row "Ma? I'm exhausted.")



Christopher Byrne



Mark Krass



Martha Storrill

New York newspaperman **Jimmy Breslin** examines the phenomenon in "Monsters of the Heart" (page 91). The Pulitzer prize-winning Breslin, who is now a columnist at *New York Newsday* and whose most recent book is *Demons Runway*, *A Life*, says that unlike jealous women, "guys are letting out of their ego. But when it blows it blows."

For a while then, it looked as though you couldn't invite Don Imus and **Martha Storrill** to the same cocktail party in the course of reporting her piece on the *cranky radio god* ("Don Imus Has Sex: One Long to Give for His Country," page 98). Storrill occasionally went tooth-to-tooth with Imus, often on the air. So, did Storrill ever fear for her safety? "No," says the formidable



Pope Brock

Washington Post reporter. "I was afraid of what I might do to him."

After twenty years in Chicago, Philadelphia, and Houston, Buddy Ryan, like a phoenix, has risen again to coach the *Arizona Cardinals*. Contributing editor **Mark Krass** earned the adhesion with him ("Bully Ball," page 108). Krass—a senior writer at *Sports Illustrated* for fourteen years who has written about violence in the NFL and Jerry Glavinelli, for Esquire—says that "a lot of people think Glavinelli is derivative of Ryan, but Ryan is a lot more silent. He says it all on the field."

Pope Brock makes his Esquire debut with an investigative piece on the cheating scandal at the Naval Academy ("The Excesses of Honor," page 114). Brock, who has written for several national magazines, including *Rolling Stone* and *The New Yorker*, says that between Tailhook and this disaster, "the Navy is floundering for the exit."

Finally, we are pleased to introduce a new columnist called **Money Talk** (page 70), by contributing editor **Christopher Byrne**. "It will be more than just stock tips," says Byrne, who has been a business editor at Time, an investment managing editor at *Forbes*, and a financial columnist at *New York*. "I'll give advice on keeping your money. It's hard enough to make it—you should have to spend any more time trying to figure out how to invest it." You're in good hands with Byrne. ■

WHEN YOU REACH ORGASM, DO YOU HAVE AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE? See *Fireworks!* (Feb.) like shooting. G-o-o-o-o-o! **Sasha Tisdale** unlocks the mystery of the "Taste death" on page 77 ("Backless, Earthquake, Fireworks"). Tisdale's article is excerpted from her forthcoming book, *Talk Dirty to Me: An Intimate Philosophy of Sex*, which will be published next month by Doubleday. A contributing editor at Harper's and the author of three previous books, Tisdale says that the one thing her years of research about sex in America have taught her is that "you can't talk by looking. Everybody's got a secret."

Q: I Shakespeare's name for murder perjury in mind of that extremely vindictive husband, Othello. What is a about male jealousy, exactly, that leads us to kill? Legendary

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the next,
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Reality Check

On

Moonstruck

WAS Rupert Murdoch almost convinced by the *Evening Sun* Myung Moon? Though

he denies it, the owner of Fox TV, *The Times* of London, and the *New York Post* seemed to set up a U.S. editors of the *London Times* says a source, and was talking to Moon's people about using his Washington *Times* printing and distribution operations as part of the deal. Murdoch would have also bought a piece of *The Washington Times*. "Murdoch could have made it a scrappy tabloid that would go up against the [Washington] Post," says the source. "But the deal fell through, in part because they wouldn't hand editorial control over to him." Another source points out that Murdoch may have faced a battle with the FCC and his nemesis **Ted Kennedy**, because he already owns a TV station in Washington and FCC regulations prohibit such a combination.

Moon then began courting another investor, **Ornold Black**, owner of *The Daily Telegraph*. That, too, fell through. "Black had other things on his mind," says a media insider. "So Moon has to look elsewhere for money." Maybe his people can sell a few extra seats at the airport.

Rita's Staff

The Beat Goes On

Does **Allen Ginsberg** have a thing for younger men? The famed sixty-eight-year-old Beat poet is a member of the North American Man Boy Love Association, or NAMBLA, which encourages cross-generational male bonding. Ginsberg, who had a cameo in *Chickie* (check the film about NAMBLA, recently defended the group in *Out* magazine, saying, "I lost boys. Everyone does who has

a little humanity." He insists he joined to protest against the media's portrayal of the topic, which, in 1987, ran an article that accused Ginsberg of running NAMBLA. Explains Ginsberg: "I joined NAMBLA at that time in a manner of civil liberties and free speech." Stay, Uncle Al!



Boy toy

Relationships

Out! Out!

W H. Auden and A. E. Housman were to great scholarly lengths to prove the *William Shakespeare*

was not gay—their work about all those men playing women's roles and the cod-pen on the night—but a new book by **Paul Russell**, an English professor at Mass. asserts



Big Bill: As he liked it?

this, gay or not. Shakespeare helped shape gay and lesbian identity.

Russell's book, *The Gay Use*, ranks the one hundred men and women of all time who've had the most influence on gays and lesbians, and the third comes in strong at number twenty. Russell notes that "Shakespeare's plays offer the only most tangible evidence of homosexual concerns various cross-dressing, gender-confusion episodes. It is in the sonnets that the clearest indications exist." Okay, so it looks pretty bad for **John Hathaway**, but that doesn't

explain why Shakespeare's less famous contemporary **Christopher Marlowe** ranks him at number nineteen. Marlowe's impact on gays is greater: Russell argues that another surprise on the list is that

naughty nurse herself, **Phenore Nightingale**, who wrote in at fifty-four. According to Russell, she had the



Big Bill: As he liked it?

hon for her cousin **Nicholas More** (signifying this some of the religious

perhaps, are the concerns "A controversial decision was made," says publisher **Steven Schrago**, "not to out anyone."

The *Gay Use* is the latest in a series by **Carol Press**, which earlier this year brought out *The Jewish* and *Only Bertrude*. **Stane** and **Anna Freud**, Segman's baby girl, made both lists. Why to go, girl!



His Lipsack is back!

Tip-Top

Whose Side Are You On?

Alex Derbowitz ought to be the next spokesman for *No Nukes* (see page 10). But after Derbowitz wrote the chapter, he signed on to be one of *O.J.'s* lawyers. Oops. "This analysis was offered before I was asked to consult with the Bergson defense," Derbowitz says, "and it reflects my views at that time, when my information was based entirely on media reports." In other words, I said it, but



Derbowitz, defense

against him becomes overwhelming. But after Derbowitz wrote the chapter, he signed on to be one of *O.J.'s* lawyers. Oops. "This analysis was offered before I was asked to consult with the Bergson defense," Derbowitz says, "and it reflects my views at that time, when my information was based entirely on media reports." In other words, I said it, but

Violence

Killing Him Softly

Hollywood loves a gory tale as long as there's a happy ending. So when **Best Eastern** (Ellis's great novel *American Psyche* makes it to the movie theaters, don't be surprised if there's an unexpected plot twist. Ellis's new book tells the shockingly graphic tale of *Psyche* fame, a sadistic yuppie who slices his way through Manhattan. A source close to the project says the producers are worried that if the character gets off too easy (as he does in the movie) he will be a box-office bummer. "Beleaguers sometimes works better in print than in



American psyche

film," says this source. Witness the film version of Ellis's chef discovery, *Las Vegas*. "They haven't decided what to do, but they'll either tone down the violence or off him. The feeling is that people will revile if this character is allowed to live." But Ellis should be used to that sentiment by now.

Comedian

Don't Mess with the Messiah

If only **Tanya Harding** had been Jewish, it seems that *Robinson*, which had no problem bringing us the unruly honey-moon video of the ready figure skater and her equine ex, **Jodi Glick**, recently scrapped a pictorial that was too controversial. Young relatives of the late **Robin Marston**—**Schaeffer**—who led the deeply religious *Lubavitcher* sect and whom many believed to be the messiah—had posed for the magazine. Needless to

say the idea didn't go over so well with the *Lubavitchers*. When members of the community found out about the spread, they threatened to picket *Robinson's* offices and the home of publisher **Bob Gosselin**. The pictures were later shelved, but *Gosselin* insists that it was not because of any pressure from the Jewish community. "We learned of the objection of the girls only after the photos were taken," he says. "On that one, out of respect for *Robin*



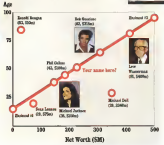
Not kosher with him

Schaeffer, we decided not to run the photos." Moral: say, Rob.



Are You the Next Mr. Anna Nicole Smith?

When First *Willy*-ish model **Anna Nicole Smith** married **J. Howard Marshall**, the eighty-one-year-old, wheelchair-bound two-hundred-and-fifty-five, he has looked to July if made one wonder: What kind of guy does she really like? By determining the age-to-wealth ratio of her two husbands (her first, sixteen-year-old *Dilly Smith*, worked at *John's* Krissy Fried Chicken in *Wesley, Texas*, and presumably was t rolling in dough), you can see which got what it takes and who didn't. Do you?



Reality Check

Grand

Tori! Tori! Tori!

Aren't Spelling away have had his hands full with *Shannon's* debut, but she's nothing compared with her gorgeous over-the-hill daughter *Tori Spelling's* birthday party. The man who created *Beverly Hills 90210*, *Melrose Place*, and *Model Inc.* and who owns what may be the most ostentatious house in Hollywood has been haggling over the cost of Tori's twenty-first birthday party. That modest little lot in L.A.'s House of Blues cost nearly \$15,000, almost \$500 more than he had bargained



Looky there!

for. "We're contesting but paying," says a Spelling spokesman. But in one measured under says, "Oh, that sounds too much like a script for *guy*." Yeah, a bad one.

Death Is Not an Option

A new monthly party game

Janet Reno or Donna Shalala?
Lawrence Tisch or S.L. Newhouse?
Lytle or Erik Menendez?
Paula Corbin Jones or Hillary Clinton?
Beavis or Butt-head?
Aracosta Sanchez Yaneza or the Malinses?
Andy Rooney or Mickey Rooney?
Courtney Love or Kim Deal?
Barry Switzer or Jerry Jones?
Madeline Albright or Jesse White?
Tony Little or John Stoenfeld?
Jim Carrey or Jim Varney?
Joe Eszterhas or Joel Silver?

Panace

Pissed Off at Prozac

THE CHURCH of Scientology knows you can't be too rich or too Catholic. As if adding *Michael Jackson* to its roster—thanks to Mrs. Jackson's membership—weren't potentially lucrative enough, the controversial church recently made a pretty hefty deposit. The *Scientologists* sued the *WPP* group—a huge media conglomerate that operates a public-relations firm—for \$40 million and received a generous

out-of-court settlement. In the suit, the church claimed that it was dropped as a client because of pressure from another *WPP* client (drug giant Eli Lilly). The *Scientologists* had been critical of Lilly's over-popular pill, *Prozac*. Although the terms of the settlement is confidential, one source says it was \$4 million, but a *Scientology* spokesman dismisses that figure. One thing is certain: *WPP* is probably very depressed.

Six Potential Jurors!

While the rest of the world is just rick-ling to throw the switch on *G.I. Joe*, one demographic group stands staunchly behind the *Joe* shirt-wad. Here is a random sampling of some of their wares. If only that darling policeman *Stacy* *Kwan* had been this lucky.



Baby Man

The King of Kings?

Elvis Presley is alive and well and doing the Lord's work. Elvis fan and Catholic priest Frank Mann has these highly valued letters from Elvis that he uses in his Sunday sermons. "They're pretty depressing," says Mann, who adds that his prized notes were written by Presley to himself on Las Vegas Hilton stationery during one of his last stays there. "The

story, and in many be apocryphal," he says, "is that they were removed from the truth and sold by a member of Elvis's entourage who was in debt. They show an Elvis in despair, one, for example, reads 'I need someone I can talk to. I'm so tired of it all. There must be a better way. I will be glad when this engagement is over, Lord.'



Hallelujah!

"Elvis had everything," says Mann, "yet he was searching for something much deeper. This guy people spellbound." Let us pray. *W*

THE FITNESS FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN



MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

TOYS

Silver Set

Ever since Sony brought us the Trinitron technology twenty-five years ago, the match pouring out of its factory on a hill where the Deas have grown bigger, bigger, and better. But in fact it's a lot harder to make a great little TV than a great big one. Get too close and raster lines form and separate, colors smear. That's where the Trinitron's bright, flat screen holds up best. Perhaps that's why Sony will celebrate a quarter-century of the only TV ever to win an Emmy with the smallest. Thirty-one, at five inches, in the smallest numbers—a spiritlike silver set (STW5) jewel in an understated edition of twenty-two hundred, each numbered like a Rolex watch.



TOASTS

The Original Power Lunch

IT'S 11:30 A.M. Do you know where your car is? Exactly fifteen years ago this month, that deeply disgusting question reverberated at the end of Esquire's celebration of the "power lunch" at the Four Seasons—and lo, we had coined and brought into

currency a defining term of the gogo 1970s. Now, in *The Four Seasons* by our own John Mariani with Alex von Blieder (out this month from Crown), you can acquaint yourself with the culinary and social history of "the quintessential New York restaurant."



A shimmering grace note to the high-modernist triumph of the Seagram Building, the Four Seasons was always the last word in conspicuous dining. But its truly Diavolish era began in the mid-1970s, when it became a marbled conversational space where life was choreographed table by table. How overheated could this ethos get? We learn that Barry Diller once suggested to Donald Trump that he write a TV series "about the people who control New York," in which each episode told the tale of the habitual "occupants of a particular table or bar or suite" at the Four Seasons. ■

TELEVISION

Riotous Grrrl

AFTER playing Victoria, the unfailingly cool Gap manager on *Beavis*, Ben Affleck's the one who sells the guy in the convenience store to turn up "My

Shamona" so she can dance to it), and Paula, the edgy talent broker on *The Larry Sanders Show*, thirty-year-old Jennifer Garfield is dangerously close to becoming some kind of Gen-X poster

girl. So what do you say we get that out of the way right now, okay, Jennifer? "I think Generation X is a load of shit. It's just a way to fill a page. There is no such thing." All right, that takes care of that.

Garfield's knack for finding passively accurate words will surprise no one who's familiar with her stand-up comedy. Working in the mystery-style for

Garfield hints: She's likely to put some teeth back into Saturday Night Live this fall.

nearly ten years now, she has honed a dry, biting voice that is ideal for narrating the absurdities of the 1990s—"I had to ground my inner child for storing money out of my purse"—and enables her to knead life into even the most boring best-of-the-actor story—"I discovered that I had purchased the inimitable, laconic, 'You-can-get-it-or-

you-can-leave-your-toiletries' racket." (Nice touch, that, unmissable.) Her talents are winning her all kinds of acting work, but stand-up remains her natural vocation. Garfield says, laying out her qualifications for the job. Actually, it takes a huge ego combined with self-loathing. It's a rare combination. It works.

Even as the stars are in one of Hollywood's hippest young actors, Garfield's job-free vision keeps her from falling for the hype. "I don't consider myself hip at all. In L.A., you get a very dangerous sense of who you are. You can never listen to what your agent or your ya-mum tells you, because that only guarantees that you'll feel

like a jerk when you leave L.A. and land anywhere else." Her thoughts about joining the cast of *Saturday Night Live* this month are equally nonchalant. "I just hope I don't fuck up."

She won't. She's too funny and too smart, and, despite her pretensions, too cool.

—David Noonan



Big Idea Man

Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston
fly on Braniff. (When you got it-flaunt it.)



LOOKS ON for the Big Idea," says George Lois. That has been the ruling principle through thirty-five years of remarkable ad and magazine images—a career traced in a show this month at the School of Visual Arts museum in New York.

But don't confuse Lois's idea of Big Ideas with the Woody Allen non-love and death, et cetera. Think instead, think oblique as in, "Hey, George, what's the big idea?"

In a world increasingly divided between right-brainers and left-brainers, Lois has consistently con-

vinced image and word to his you square between the lobes. For chess at divorce as Xerox, Revlon, and the successful campaign of RPK, his produced classic ad images. In a decade of unforgettable covers for Esquire, he changed the face of magazines.

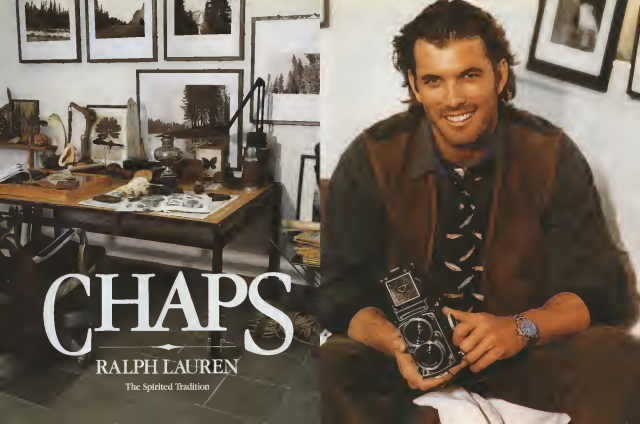
Lois understood that in celebrity, the media had created a new vocabulary of word and image. But he moved beyond merely churning big names as endorers or cover subjects to using them in full sentences, selling stories and making jokes. In the process, the Big Idea became iconic.

—PHIL FERRON



Image maker: George Lois created a new species for Naughtylite and reinvented celebrity by juxtaposing Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston, topping Liston's score with a Santa hat, or popping Warhol into the soup to create his own pop classic.





CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition

Straight Man



David Strathairn Looks fit as well-off, offbeat character actor in a variety of roles: *Black Box* (left), *After the Day*, in *Twelve Fish* (right), in *The Firm*

THE MANEY stuff doesn't get him many fans, but does get many who will recognize David Strathairn as right to the consummate Sylex star. The actor has played ghostly supporting roles in all but two of John Sylex's movies, even memorably, perhaps, as the town sheriff with his back against the wall in *Twelve Fish* and in the village family man in an unhappy marriage in *Black Box*. The shab about that

actor seems is that they are characterless, changing colors to suit roles. Strathairn's century achievement is to suggest that he is always his own man. From a handful of character roles, he has reinvented the remarkable among the classic American leading men. From a person everything about him—from his dark, rough-frown looks to the intelligence that



running" he says, "I thought, God, why don't I just do it. It would really scare them." A father of two, Strathairn did stop at the edge, but it's a more outrageous nonetheless: the man now has moved nothing about him—his dark, rough-frown looks to the intelligence that

—JENNIFER HARRIS

has to push through his shy, reserved, social manner—suggests the comic under-type, the character-theatrical person who will be used to speak the unvarnished truth. Strathairn's portrayals of gently decent men go as warmly against the grain of our cynical age, they've earned him a near-olympic following: men who find his crookedness of masculinity honest, women who are women melted in his crookedness, and probably vice versa.

Typically Strathairn orders dinner at the end of the week in Berlin, a former classroom in Wilkes College. "Maybe Sylex is not something in me that's in the mode of his characters," he says, "something is not that his is part of his identity."

Notable in that identity may be, it no longer marks the boundaries of Strathairn's career. With two recent mainstream movies in his credit, *Twelve Fish* and *The Firm*, Strathairn, who always kept his distance from Hollywood by living near Poughkeepsie, New York (generally a bad safe prototype) finds himself an actor in demand. In *The Firm*, Will has more than he, he and Mary McCormack take down a very turbulent man with a very nasty knife. *Twelve Fish* is a family movie and a traditional remake of what-never. *Twelve Fish*, in its, in other respects, star, is a tough, but Strathairn does get to confront the physical danger that is the best movie problem: does the end of the story allow him? During the filming of *The Firm* in 1994, there was a scene that required him to run toward the edge of a cliff and stop, allowing a moment to take the actual risk in a way that change in the story. "No," he

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS; STYLING BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Shots from the Hip

In first and upper Right, Frank took to the American road and created the photographs (plus captions) of first interest. Like the Blues, Frank is now getting another look, in the form of a new edition opening this month at the National Gallery.

Franklin's book *The Americans*, published in 1959, did with images—gray, grainy shots lumpy with ice, broken, swollen, and the edges of jubilation—what *On the Road* did with words. For while the Beats had to outsize their characters, the Beats had to outsize their characters.

up; he came to look for America and found it in old maps and research.

shows from the margins of crowds. That is the principle that the outsider sees more deeply and lives more deeply because his place is the observation gallery.

Sherman declaring, on her first hotel had "enough of my own work, painting, sometimes teaching, the rescue of the black and the white, the [unintelligible] of [unintelligible] God."



American born: *Flora* from Point Winthrop, Alaska, Montana 1948; *New York City* 1942; *Illinois*—St. Andrew, South Carolina 1977

where Temper-
ville, Milburn
and Paul Sen-
berry, on meeting
and discussing the
topic, Frank had
come home from
the stand in Reg-
lar, much as Oak-
ley has eggs down
on the Rollins

Taking almost every one of Frank's shoes from the top images suggests the cover of a novel written or narrated (we'd just hit shoes of group from: *Leviathan*, on the river of Himmer's *Red Menace*) or a still from a film only imagined in a long, rambling conversation as a car heading west across the plains.

NEW WRITING

Rookie Novelist

[illegible]

IT WOULD BE LONGING to dismiss Donald Murray as just another Village (Lark, Brown), as the indolgent of a man who can publish what ever he wants—and has for the years since he first wrote fiction with plays like *American English* and *Glimpses of the Mind*. Murray has dared to do exactly like no other writer of his generation. He published a poetry collection, a children's book, a

signs of TV movie success. He chronicled these days and wrote many screenplays, a few of them about the Mafia as the Mafia rose to its first, *The Godfather*. Along the way, he wrote *King Lear*. Through a 14-hour movie remake contest—then an unusual means of displaying cinematic talent—he discovered that he actually knew how to craft. Not after years but perhaps from small-time forays in Hollywood, thanks to a few books with equal parts failure and grace.

Now in his second venture, *The Village*, and to play *The Godfather*, returning to London—Mann has begun exploring characters with dark, enigmatic sides.

dispute. The play deals with a boy growing up in Chicago in 1960, an isolated child in the Village, on his New England, his adoptive home, his explicit character with strong homosexual overtones, a flowering of a man, a failed marriage, an attempt for small-town life. The characters are as isolated only apparently, but they get over fairly. Manner never recognizes himself when she enters the world's thought world will disprove Manner closer than ever to the status of his own life and to the world he knows more clearly than any other. He can't — unless he can.

Way, Way Out in the Western Pacific

IMAGINE A REEL and female archeologist in the South Pacific. You've traveled two days to get here—500 miles due west of Fiji—and now, at last, you've arrived. Survey this

344 palmy islands the New Hebrides, after the dark and foggy satellites off horary Cape West. A joint Franco-British colony until 1978, this nation of 500,000 has retained a geographical alibi to all but the ruddy Communist yachmen for whom it is a navigational node and beverage de pot, and to the world's ruleless youth, come to squench their adolescent yearning in this seamy place.



Views of Vanuatu: Champagne Beach, Espiritu Santo; ceremonial dancers, Viti Levu; waterfall, Tanna.

dense fecundity of bush, this welter of mango, breadfruit, and banyan trees. Scan this wester of reef-smashed bathing nooks, this land of barefoot charters and magic stones. You are in Vanuatu. And don't a remind you of northern Scotland?

Well, so did Captain Cook, for some reason, when he sailed through here in 1774—enough to call these

Moroccan musclemen, and largest expansion west towing, perfectly tuned offspring. In the hub of Pacific time, the islanders' political class—proceeding over a tin dudge of global reputation—luggies and jowls.

But site from Vila's center—past the betting shop run by Chance Lunnell, out of ombrot of Lucky Dubé and the Navy Boys (the home-spun reggae combi, past Le Flamingo, then and Marine in Managawa—and you'll find pockets of local life that resist the historical process, where "customs" is law and where magic, black and white, remains a very real basis for power. In the outdoors, Foster's lager and Victoria beer are replaced by kava, the ritualistic narcotic pulp, extracted from a certain pepper plant. Most, lustrous Melane sun shirts still call of banyan trees at Daddy's knee.

Vanuatu's rugged hills are seen in dark and distant, in anything in the distance of the South Pacific. The bush and the ocean are the great constants here. But life itself varies considerably from one island to the next. Up north, Luganville, on Espiritu Santo, is a kind of frontier town near the Solomon Islands, its waters are lashed with World War II relics, rising now for a new breed of bohemian work-louder. On Tanna Island, an hour south of Vila by air, there are bizarre cults (one adulates Prince Philip, of all people) and a volcano that erupts so close that you can feel the heat on your eyeballs as you watch the lava bloom below you. Milneba, with its pens sheds and informal resort, is a stronghold of true Melanesian tradition. Change is a coming, but the outsiders of Vanuatu are still thick with the spirits of the dead. —WILL BOWEN

Practicalities



Finding your way: Fly Quartzair or Air New Zealand from L.A. to Suva, Fiji, then to Port-Vila on Air Vanuatu. International flights are cheap and available—or you can go the tramp-steamer route. Renting a car is simple (and expensive), but on the outer islands, make it a taxi. Room and board: In Vila, the smart money (\$68 versus \$150 to \$200 for a room with a view elsewhere) will head for the Endeavor Island Resort, its paved walkways, no pools, no shops—just breezy cabanas beside a beautiful lagoon. The food is great all over Vila (except at the Vanuatu Green espresso in La Tuerie), on the harbor, steak and seafood on plate air at the Waterfront (also the bar of choice for parties and loafs).

Getting wet: For local help, call Amanda at the Adventure Center in Vila at 678-2030. Drivers should have their own regulations and other technical bits. Be sure shoes and socks for heat and rain.



"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: I finally went out to dinner with him last night.

JACKIE: Just the two of you? Where did you go?

GEORGIA: Mario's.

JACKIE: Mario's? The food is terrible.

GEORGIA: I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.

JACKIE: Really?

GEORGIA: You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.

JACKIE: Adorable.

GEORGIA: And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.

JACKIE: Hilarious.

GEORGIA: Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.

JACKIE: Your place?

GEORGIA: Well, I was soaked. And besides...

JACKIE: Besides?

GEORGIA: Did you ever notice how good he smells?

JACKIE: Frankly, no.

GEORGIA: He wears the most wonderful cologne.

JACKIE: Does I wish what it is?

GEORGIA: Well, it comes in a box with dots.

JACKIE: Dots?

GEORGIA: Don't.

JACKIE: So. Now we're back at your place...

GEORGIA: Jackie, don't you make?



Bloomingdale's

Herrera for Men

Carolina Herrera
New York

RESTAURANTS

John Mariani

Wine Dining

FRED ALLEN may have been right when he said, "Cali-forma is a great place—if you happen to be in orange." But it's an even better place to be a grape or two of the diversity of the grape. Napa Valley, in particular, is as fine a place as any in the world to perfect the viticultural art. The gorgeous natural setting of the

area and drink well, maybe get in some golf, and sleep over in rural quarantine—all of which you can do at the deluxe **Redwood** (500 Meadowood Lane, St. Helena, 707/947-5447), set on 150 acres off the Silverado Trail. The rooms, in large, gray-shingled guesthouses with peaked ceilings and fireplaces are intimate, and now, after some gastronomic ups

and berry pie with butter-milk ice cream. A great wood-burning oven turns out succulent roasts drenched in chablis, potatoe, crisp potato, and massive rib eye steaks. On Sundays, there's a barbecue out by the pool. Cool.

One of San Francisco's most celebrated chefs, Jeremiah Tower, has opened a branch of his trendsetting Stars right off Route 29 in Oakville. **Stars Oakville Oaks** (1441 St. Helena Highway, 949-8906), with its breezy interior and lovely patio is particularly good—and de-cently priced—for lunch, when you can feast on grilled lamb chops with chicken potato-cake, grilled Pacific salmon with sweet corn relish and potato salad, and good old devil's food cake.

But the most welcome news of the year is the re-opening of the beloved **French Laundry** (Washington and Circle streets, Yountville 949-5734), whose two-story, shapely Georgian structure was first a saloon then an actual French luncheon in actual brood, and, since 1975, a restaurant. The new chef, Thomas Keller, has set a fresh standard for Valley restaurants with such refined fare as grilled sea-roast with white bean puree, herb broths, and shelled glaze, slow-cooked breast of veal with glazed garlic and creamy potato cakes, a feast of potatoes, peppered rice, and greens, and fruit compote with mascarpone sorbet. The vegetable-tasting menu is as sumptuous as any restaurant dinner. Sit out back under the trees, watch the moon rise over the Valley, and count the stars as you sip a Late Harvest Riesling made at one of the vineyards just up the street. ■

and berry pie with butter-milk ice cream. A great wood-burning oven turns out succulent roasts drenched in chablis, potatoe, crisp potato, and massive rib eye steaks. On Sundays, there's a barbecue out by the pool. Cool.

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From the terrace: M. Amberg du Soleil

Valley—disurbed by only two narrow roads, Route 29 and the Silverado Trail—is punctuated by beautifully designed wineries that respect the landscape, making it as incredible as any destination in America. For a decade now, Napa's restaurants have added to the pleasures of the region, but in the past year, a few have achieved excellence on a par with the very best in San Francisco.

Wine harvest is the time to go, visit a few wineries,

and down, so in the restaurant. Chef Roy Ben-Menahem named in Napa, and it shows in the flawless technique of such dishes as roast lamb, goat cheese with sautéed goat, tart of Napa vegetables with sweet potato and crispy bacon, roast baby lamb with artichokes, and



Off the grill: Seared shrimp and veal loin

beefsteak, brings elements of his native cooking to his gourmet garden, crostini cakes with yellow-tomato coulis, pork-bacon sandwiches,



VERSACE

VERSACE
VERSACE
VERSACE

Stanley Bing

The Day We Took the Beach

Twelve men hit the boardroom.
By 1400 hours, the deal was ours.

HOUR, 6840. The field is quiet now. Dear God, how long will it remain so? In the distance, a lone soldier plays a harmonica, yearning for home, maybe. How soon this time of tranquillity will be a vague remembrance? By 1340 hours at the latest ... 1534 at the outside, if the tax attorneys kick in ... certainly no later than 1630, when *The Wall Street Journal* starts getting snarve. (Yes at the latest—the deal will go down.) Then glorious, civilised chaos will be blessed upon, redolent with smoke and blood and apertures, strewn with the squaring bodies of desperate combatants locked in the struggle to take the hill before them—a hill that had absolutely no significance until the moment it became a strategic necessity.

0730. The phone rings. It's Wile. "What's the deal?" he says. I don't know when the deal is and tell him so. "We set for nine o'clock over there!" I ask, just to make conversation.

"Be," he says, and hangs up. I'd, barf, except there's nothing in me to barf. I have kept myself empty. No muffin. No salt stick. I want to be hard as steel, lean, clear as glass. This is the day you live for, if you're a soldier. The day you fear might come and clean you, the day you dream about, legs twitching while you sleep in a chaise far more crucial than those you must run in the ordinary workaday world. Today, mine will be the so that others may live in wealth!

That's the deal.

I go over my plans. Then I wait.

0830. I take a walk among the men. Morgenstern is in the complimentary armchair suite that adorns Wile's office. He is drinking the rag end of a Cory colleague from a paper

cup that says I ♥ NY. I pour myself a martini and stand with him. "When do you guys go over there?" I ask him finally. "In about twenty minutes," he says. There seems little to add. He knows they will have to get it done. Today. There is no tomorrow. Deals have been put on hold. The ones that aren't have relatively quickly surely got born at all. Sometimes you even have to kill one that's born too ugly, even when its parents think it's quite beautiful. That's tough.

"You guys will do great," I tell him. I give him shoulder to square. What more can I say? That however it works out in the next six to eight hours, it'll be okay? I can't say that. It would be insane.

In the corridor beyond, Wile waits in his office. He will be there for most of the day while the men are on the field. The number spinning he has gone through with (shut up!) The endless hours of scheming, obscuring, golfing, scheming, flogging, driving, conniving, wheedling, bullying, and an almost strength granting are over. Now he waits. Nobody joins Wile. If he wants us, he will call.

1000. The troops have been deployed tomorrow. It's so damned quiet. Drip, drip, drip. A faucet in my mind is leaking. It's driving me mad. The phone rings. It's Wile.

"What's up?" says Wile. I don't know what to say and tell him so. "They started late," says Wile, and hangs up.

My phone rings. Tomorrow, no less a postman than Rupert Murdoch leaked some early morsels of our deal to top trade journalists on the Los Angeles press (our Thanks, Rupert! Five minutes later, the alarm sounded. Deych changed! Dey! Dey! We drove—and we got away. This morning, there was barely a whisper in the phone that counted. The operation was

not blown. We could continue. And we have to continue. Because as yet we have no deal! No deal! Do you hear me? The world is watching, and we still have no deal!

I've got to calm down or I'm going to go crazy.

1100. It's the phone, nothing but the damned phone, call after call after call. Reporters assumed that there isn't a deal yet, mostly I understand. They want to get away for the weekend. We're dangerously close to generating serial news, something they can't control half as well as rumor.



Keeping them from swimming over the horizon is a part of my drill. I have a lot on my mind, considering that you're about to be acquired by a consortium of Japanese, German, and Italian interests working through shadow companies owned by Silvio Berlusconi," says one by the name of Grouser.

"That's completely untrue, Bill," I tell him, very calmly, trying to keep the bubble of contempt out of my glass.

"Bull, but it's true. I know it."

"Could it possibly have been led to you," I inquire, with increasing politeness, "by an investment banker, securities analyst, or money guy could reap a significant fee if such a transaction were accomplished?"

"Hew?" says the reporter. I can feel him turning an eye inward. He is doubting himself. That's all I can hope for.

"First, whatever you want, man," I tell him. "You'll have the satisfaction of knowing you got there first with a totally bogus story."

I hang up. The phone rings. It's Will. "What's shaking?" he says. I have no idea what's shaking and tell him so. "You gotta come up," he says. I can't stand to be alone anymore either. I go.

1151 Somewhere across town, Manning, our senior vice president of new operations, is dead through the heart by a flying piece of interpersonal shrapnel that eliminates his fortress entirely. He is not in the room when it happens but "kicking a man about a horse" in an adjacent part of the other guy's building. When he returns, it's all over this last words on the subject are words summarizing, "Always be at the switch," he is reported to have said when informed of his own demise.

1200 Nothing is happening again. What could they be doing over there? Will and I attempt to conduct several subversive conversations about dogs and industry regulation and our favorite meat, I think, but it's no go. We stare at each other. Get coffee. Rise and look out the window at the cars in the street far, far below. "I'm sorry, Bing," he says. "I can't talk. I can't think. I wonder where Morgenstern is?" The phone rings. It's Morgenstern. "There are right or nice issues still hanging," he tells Will, whose reaction is a mixture of an awkward sound and a preoccupied looking of at someone in the room around him. "When do we need to have this

thing wrapped up if it's gonna get done today?" he asks me. "There there?" I say. "I don't care about the remaining issues," Will tells Morgenstern, and there is a general nod to his voice that settles and settles me. I feel for Morgenstern on the other end of the line. "Wrap this thing up. By three at the latest. I don't want to be tickled to death by reporters!" He hangs up and looks about indifferently. "What's going on?" he asks me absently. I don't know what's going on and tell him so.

1215 I'm back at my desk. The phone rings. It's Grouser. "I have it on superb authority that you're about to be broken up and sold to either CBB, TBS, CMC, ABC, TBS, PBS, or some combination of 'em. I'm on deadline. Disprove it or I'm going with it." I ask him what will happen if his notion is proven distribution during the vacuum of news that precedes any big deal. "I'll give you a chance to deny it afterwards," he says. I hang up. If news doesn't come soon, all these guys will start inventing things.

1233 My phone rings. "It's soup," says Morgenstern. I put down the receiver. My heart is pounding in my wrists. The phone rings. It's Will. "Full the trigger, Bing," he says. "Dial it now!"

I pull a Hand. Bing! It goes off.

1407 All hell has broken loose. Investment bankers, reporters, friends, associates, enemies, all are pouring like refugees across the border of our switchboard. They're boiling up my land. I need space! Space to function!

1410 In the screaming confusion of paper, ringing phones, burning intentions, I remembered I have to call. Excellent, our investment relations guy, who immediately contacts his important people on both Wall Street and Main Street and any other street worth mentioning! — 1415 Eyes from corporate PR, its responsible for steering the stormtroops who must notify the New York Stock Exchange about material transactions! Gotta get to him! There, while I wait for that to come down, I call Grouser, Mier, Morgan, Wiener, Forsh, Helms, Sessler, and Megale, put a few of the media types who have been waiting for this. They want to speak with Will. I give them Will's number. — 1416 Lament, the chairman's personal assistant in Houston, is notified so that he can let information

on the deal to each and every member of the board. — 1417 I go up to see Will. The energy level is out of sight. The noise is incredible. Phones ringing. Phones chirping. An enormous clunk of flying metal whizzes by my head! Pow! Murdoch has "revealed" a number of financial details of our deal—all of them wrong! Bing! Kripke! "We have real news! Why not report that for a change?" I scream at Grouser, who is entranced with the drama, the noise being fed on him. "Okay, okay, Bing, just," he says. "We are winning! This is happening! We are in the center of it! Act it like you!"

I return to Will's office, and he is there, in the center of the noise now, calm, content, working the news to reporters, corporate types, friends, his wife, his parents, his children, securities analysts, top guys at our new partners who want to bulk alongside him in mutual glory, pals, lies, and more reporters! The Wall Street Journal! The New York Times! USA! Today! Investor's Daily! And now—look! A camera crew from CNBC! "We believe in the strategic value of this association and look forward to its impact in the very near term," says Will, looking extraordinarily across. "Twenty minutes later, it's on the air!"

Top of the world, Mat.

Barbidge, Morgenstern, and Kline are back from the front and are milling around, violently slapping their palms into one another's outside Will's office. The speed of course fills the suite. We look at one another and are suddenly unimpressed with all the signals, machines, cash, high-fiving and backslapping that have gone before. I love these guys! Look what we've gone through in the last seventy-two hours! And how it's turned out! "Stab!" says Barbidge, who has worked harder than anybody else. "Oh, yeah!" we all reply. And suddenly, without warning, we have our arms around each other. Not to put too fine a point on it... we hug. That's right. We hug, okay? Hell, I'd kiss their ass but they check if I had the chance! We wow, goddamme! We come! We wow! We did the deal! And the deal changed everything! And now... now we're the bring we who remain, we have to live in the bright new future we've created!

So... what do you suppose that's going to involve? I'm just asking. —

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Walter Shapiro

The \$20 Million Man



Rich pick Huffington, campaigning with his beautiful wife, Arianna, says a stay at a Greek monastery inspired him to run.

California's Michael Huffington could've bought a bad Picasso. Instead, he wants to be a senator.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST joy in political journalism is to cover rich twits in their quest for public office. So with this chief on my mind, I decided to check out one-term GOP congressman Michael Huffington's \$20 million, self-financed, compared-with-me-Bass-Picasso-cheap-plate California Senate campaign against Diane Feinstein. Little did I know that I was about to stumble into one of the more bizarre episodes in my two decades of covering national politics.

Huffington is a retired, lucky forty-year-old Thousand Oaks work as estimated 175 million from his share of his father's oil, natural gas, and real estate empire—who surfaced in Santa Barbara in coal-logs with the dream of representing his new neighbors in Congress. What a great country. All a week was a million of his own money (a record for a House race—roughly \$10 for every man, woman, and child in the district), a better primary against a non-incumbent Republican incumbent, and presto, Huffington was a GOP backslider.

But not for long. Last summer, after all of seven months in Congress, Huffington spent three days in a Greek

monastery on Mount Athos and decided to challenge Feinstein in her reelection bid for the Senate seat that she won by 1.8 million votes in 1992. After spending another \$10 million to ramp home in the June Republican primary, the still-shad-owy Huffington has pulled even in the polls with the well-funded Feinstein in what will certainly be the most expensive nonpresidential election in U.S. history. All to cast one vote in the U.S. Senate. All to hold a political job that pays \$60,000, which Huffington vows to donate to charity.

Popula psychology suggests that both Huffington's spirituality and his suddenly rising ambitions are the gifts of his Greek-born wife, Arianna Huffington. How to describe Arianna, the political wife who makes Hillary Clinton seem self-effacing? Cambridge educated, she married Huffington in the New York society wedding of 1981. (His gross alone cost \$15,000.) She is the author of six books (including best-selling biographies of Maria Callas and Pablo Picasso), a friend to the rich and powerful on two continents, the mother of two young daughters, an ardent advocate of spiritual awakening (the topic of her latest book, *The Ninth Inner*), a conservative chaise-longue housewife, and a reputed connoisseur with the servants. What?

Just from making the dips on the Huffingtons. I was hooked. I phoned the Huffington campaign recently to make routine arrangements to travel with the candidate for a few days, and a tentative date was established for an interview. The wedding bells rang the next day. Peggy Bengt, Huffington's charity press secretary, announced that my interview was off and that she was suddenly in charge of his campaign travel plans. Duuuuud! Hardly. I called Huffington's Capitol Hill office to speak to a staffer about the congressman's legislative priorities. Everyone is far too busy, insisted press secretary Fleming Saunders. Pleased, Saunders graciously agreed to put together some written material. When I arrived, Huffington's business office in the Cannon building had the unimpeachable air of temporary quarters rented by a reclusive Pennsylvanian ship broker. Saunders handed me the folder that summarized Huffington's eighteen screen-picked months in Congress: three one-page press releases. (One of the headlines expressed his support for term limits: an odd crumb for a legislator who was running for the Senate before he'd fully moved into his House office.)

I was getting the sense feeling that Huffington was being misled by the Huffington campaign. Given the liberalism in 1992 was friendly to the Eastern liberal-media conspiracy. I made more calls and found a Huffington insider who confided, "We're sick of them. Mr. Moneybags goes to Washington stories. What do you think we are—stupid? Why should we hand you a dagger so you can stab us again?" This palpable fear of an interview was listening, since I never for-

ced myself the Mike Wallace of press journalism. Still, I needed the candidate's schedule so that I could at least watch Huffington perform at public events. Finally, I convinced the now-elusive Peggy Bengt on the telephone, but within seconds she snapped "You're stupid and completely out of control!" she shrieked.

"I don't see how you ever got interviews with anyone!" Just as I was making out a new career in journalism, Bengt hung up.

On a lark, I called back, this time asking for Arianna's press secretary. Suddenly, I heard the soothing Melina Mercouri-accented tones of the candidate's wife. "This is Arianna Huffington. I was just going to call you." Mercy me, I was a star arrival to the Huffington campaign, now I had a new best friend. Mrs. Huffington poured out her tale of woe. All those media articles (mostly about her) in *The Washington Post*, *Style* section, *Mademoiselle*, *Elle*, and, yes, a can't-get-good-luck these days story in *Esquire's* own *Beauty Check*. As she then steered Arianna explained, "Up to now, we've been thoroughly open to the press. But we've decided that if people are going to use our time to write articles saying things they've decided in advance from the dips, then we're no longer going to help."

Gracious to a fault, the candidate's wife provided me the scheduling information I craved. But as I headed for California, I mused in the privacy of it all: I was like being rebuffed by Dee Dee Myers, only to be rescued by Hillary.

FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS, I have watched with popliteal enthusiasm over the rise with which self-financed candidates such as Huffington can buy elections in our money-lust democracy. Like a street-smart businessman haunted by the memories of his childhood, I know what it's like to run for Congress armed with attorney connections, and the financial resources of a migrant farmworker. Back in 1971, I was an impoverished twenty-five-year-

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What difference did a Neder make in Congress?

SHAPIRO in Congress

Four picks: The author, 1992. The next was paid for in 1994.

old graduate student at the University of Michigan, on fire with anti-war passion and enraged that there was no one I could trust (that is, no one under thirty) in Congress. So what if my septuagenarian parents had forgotten to set me up with a trust fund? The student movement demanded representation in Congress. The job needed Shapiro—and, believe me, Shapiro needed the job.

So how poor was I? Unable to afford a car, I commuted to early campaign events on my three-speed bicycle. I owned precisely one suit (a brown velvet weight double knit), which I had changed—but not paid for—at Saks Fifth Avenue. Between campaign events, I would have

my natty wardrobe refurbished while I sat in my underwear at a white-jacketed dry cleaner. By early summer my badly frayed double-knit looked like a Confederate uniform at the end of the Civil War. So I marched into Saks, loudly claimed the heavy winter suit was defective ("I only wore it to church on Sundays, and still it unraveled"), and snatched out with a turtleneck blue summer passage as a replacement—without ever paying my bill.

I was a desperate do-gooder. I borrowed money like a cocaine addict, stiffed the phone company and the printer, and ignored basic-year-knowledge lessons from credit bureaus. One was an old-fashioned volunteer campaign, and we spent (adjusted for inflation) about \$25,000, 80% coming later to the left of McGovern (maybe I shouldn't have endorsed both housing and the legalization of drugs). I came in a close second in a six-way Democratic primary. I was beaten by the floor leader

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OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

of the Michigan state house, who was heavily backed by the UAW and who had netted the equivalent of \$150,000.

This tale of long ago has a moral: my fervent belief in full public financing of congressional campaigns as a way of guaranteeing a level playing field for all serious candidates. Democracy demands diversity, but more and more, the governing class in this country seems a throwback to America during the Gilded Age. At last count, there were more than one hundred millionaires in Congress. (Dianne Feinstein, ironically, is among the richest; her husband is worth around \$50 million.) "The issue goes to the core of representative democracy," says reformer Chuck Lewis, who heads the Center for Public Integrity in Washington. "If there are not people of your ilk representing you, then you're not really represented."

The last major campaign-reform law was passed by the Watergate Congress of 1976, but many of its provisions were gutted by a 1991 Supreme Court decision (*Buckley v. Valeo*) that equated a candidate's spending with free speech. During the 1990 campaign, Bill Clinton repeatedly pledged to "push for and sign strong campaign-finance legislation." Eighteen months later, congressional reform bills seemed permanently stalled by a wary House-Senate fight over limits on the size of PAC (political-action committee) contributions. The impasse was classic congressional politeness: House members in particular wanted to claim that they would for reform, without having to live with its consequences. And Clinton has been far too nervous about his incredible shrinking health-care plan to offer presidential leadership on the issue. Fred Weinheimer, the president of Common Cause, grumbled, "Clinton said he'd make campaign reform a priority. But the subject just disappeared from his vocabulary."

EN ROUTE TO THE BROWNY madonnas of the California Senate race, I made a detour to Kansas City to visit a contrasting low-budget congressional campaign—one to which I know I'd have access. The candidate is my friend Karen McCarthy, who is running hard for a vacant House seat after serving eighteen years in the Missouri legis-

lature. (Attention: Columbus Journalism! Mine: Okay, so I gave Karen some money. Right, nobody's reading this column expecting David Broder.) By primary day, McCarthy had raised \$400,000, the old-fashioned way—one contribution at a time. "No candidate in a democracy should have to go through what I'm going through," Karen said in a tone devoid of self-pity. "I'm in my kitchen table all day with my phone to my ear begging for money."

A typical day begins with the candidate rising at 5:30 A.M. (somewhere I imagine Huffington sleeping in) to head for the local farmer's market with a friend she hopes will give her a \$1,000 contribution. Check in hand, McCarthy heads for a campaign-budget meeting. "Every time they add another \$5,000 for TV ads, I know it's another day I've got to spend on the phone." In the evening, McCarthy has a fundraiser in her honor; but it's not exactly a \$1,000-a-plate gala. Instead, it's forty people at

210 a head standing around an Irish bar called Harling's (the basic ale was on the house), sponsored by the St. Patrick's Democratic Club. McCarthy's swing exactly 1995, roughly what Huffington is spending every six months from now until election day (McCarthy expects her eleven-way Democratic primary).

I continued on to Santa Berben, intercepting the rest of watching. While Huffington winks the crowd at the local Elks Club bar, it is named out. Huffington never because any more real to me than he is to the rest of California—to whom he's a name and a fleeting image in a slick media campaign. On the drive in from the airport, I turned on a country-music station just in time to hear a commercial with an announcer doing a William S. Burroughs impersonation: Feinstein is a "special-interest plebeian." The ad was effective because it had the unbreakable ring of truth. When it comes to the arena between fundraising and political pork, Feinstein is something of

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OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

an Al D'Amato Vice. In my hotel room, I watched on the TV in the middle of jopardy, and the category might as well have been "Fountain for aye." The pajabos again. The campaign spot assured me that "Mike Huffington doesn't take special-interest money. Feinstein's takes over \$6 million. Feinstein's a special-interest pajabos. Put in your money and get what you want." The *Los Angeles Times* estimated that Huffington was spending between \$150,000 and \$200,000 a week on his media buy—four months before the election.

I had come all this way to meet the candidate, but it was my new chum Arlene Huffington who invited me to tea at the Biltmore Hotel in Santa Barbara. Arlene was all smiles in the green room, introducing her two daughters [five-year-old Christina and three-year-old Isabella] and their nanny. After we moved to an adjoining table for our interview, Arlene delivered the unfortunate news that it was very moment her husband, the candidate, was driving himself to the UCLA Medical Center for treatment of a detached retina. I volunteered to postpone our conversation, but Mrs. Huffington insisted that she had nothing else to do for the afternoon.

What could I do but ask Arlene many of the questions that I had been saving for the candidate? (Quite frankly, I had envisioned myself sniffing Huffington all over California, doing my road-show version of *Repeat After Me* from a stretch limo, when his eye was all better, Huffington did refuse to speak to me.) Why, I inquired, was Congressman Huffington spending so much of his own money rather than using it as a cushion to supplement normal fundraising? "Michael doesn't like being given a long list of friends to call and told to spend four hours on the phone," she said. "Of course, nobody likes it. But he dislikes it so much, he prefers to use his own money." If only all candidates had this luxury. "What makes me," she continued, "is that if Michael had spent \$5 million buying a very inferior Picasso, nobody would blink an eyelid. That's what people with money are supposed to do."

Under the circumstances, I was far too polite to suggest that had an eagle do far less damage to the republic than had leeches.

HUFFINGTON'S FOLLISTER, Richard Winkler, who made his name in the Reagan campaign (Huffington has also signed up the repentant prodigal Ed Rollins), has learned how to put a positive spin on a self-financed candidate's personal bankroll. "It's the ability to say, 'I'm devoted to your interests, not the special interests.'"

Winkler learned this lesson hard. In 1976, he worked for New York congressman Joseph L. Lewis, who spent \$20 million of his own money in his gubernatorial race against an underdog Democrat. Quince politician named Mario Cuomo. The pivotal moment of the campaign came during a televised debate when Cuomo suddenly gubbed Lewis's wrist and gleefully paraded to his rival's gold Rolex. "It was a snake through Lew's heart," Winkler recalls. "Cuomo did it so deftly. It was one of those magic moments in politics that I'll never forget."

You can bet that Huffington will be

wearing a borrowed Rolex when he debates Feinstein this fall. It will be an unnecessary precaution for, as Winkler notes, the fact that Duncan Feinstein is the second wealthiest senator takes a lot of the sting out of the issue.

This strange resolution—that there is no high road to be taken—should not be a source of pride for Winkler. Quite simply, California 1992 makes a dramatic case for public financing of campaigns. Chuck Loefer of the Center for Public Integrity details it, poetically: "We've got two evils here," he says. "On the one hand, you've got a special-interest candidate who's got \$6 million in PAC money, and on the other hand, you've got a rich man who doesn't seem to have done much in life."

So, would you rather die by firing squad or poison gas? Hell or purgatory? PACs or *psychiatrists*? Issues and competence aside, these are the choices that California voters face in November. My condolences. ■

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Mike Lupica

The Galloping Goat

But for one Sunday every year, Thurman Thomas could be the best back in football

IT WAS ONE OF those Sundays, one of a handful of Sundays that had gone terribly wrong for Thurman Thomas. He doesn't remember what time it was when he got back to the hotel, but Thomas remembers everything else that happened in Atlanta that evening, after he fumbled the football and the Buffalo Bills lost another Super Bowl. He remembers sitting in the locker room, listening to Marv Levy, his coach, go on and on about the team. He remembers wondering how he would ever get up from his seat. And he remembers answering questions in another part of the Georgia Dome, taking the media through a spin and again, how he got the football from Jim Kelly on a play called F4, how he never saw Leon Lett coming, how he looked down to find the ball bouncing away from him—toward next season and sports history.

"I kept answering the same questions over and over," he says. "I was standing there the whole time thinking, 'Why does this keep happening to us? Hell, why does this keep happening to me? What do we have to do to win this game?'"

It was late when he returned to the hotel room with his parents and his two little girls, Olivia and Angelica. Olivia, the older of the two, is the one who got the keys out of him. She jumped into his arms when he opened the door and said, "Don't worry about anything, Daddy. Let's just go to Hawaii." Thomas was on his way to another Pro Bowl—his fifth—the next morning.

"Got to sleep around 3:00, 3:30," he says. "Can't even believe now I sleep at all, lying there and thinking, 'Why me?' the whole time. Then we all got to be in the lobby at 4:30 A.M. to go to Hawaii. That flight felt like it took two weeks."

It was in Hawaii, Thomas says, that he was able to laugh. Each morning he put between himself and Super Bowl XXVIII was a little better. "And a little later," he says, "because we were all doing a little partying at night."

He smiles now, sitting in a cool, dark dining room at the Nickerson Cade in Dupont, New York, a gold loop in his left ear, a black Hestrae Rockets cap turned backward on his head. He is sipping one soft drink after another be-



Don't drop it, Thurman: Thomas broods on the sidelines of Super Bowl XXVIII, but vows to redeem himself in XXIX.

cause the Bills play Washington this evening and Thomas never cuts before a game.

"I don't remember which practice it was," he says. "Maybe the second, maybe the third. John Elway was the quarterback, and something very unfortunate happened."

He looks up.

"The unfortunate thing was that I fumbled."

Elway handed him the ball, and Cortez Kennedy of the Seattle Seahawks put a hand on it. A few days and thousands of miles from another Super Sunday when the Bills had their helmets handed to them, the ball was on the ground again. Everything came to a stop. Thomas put his head down, hands on his hips, then he peered up at the members of the AFC Pro Bowl team. They stared at him. And then they began to laugh. "The ones who weren't laughing were turning around so I couldn't see them laugh," Thomas says. "Or trying to hold it in. I just looked at them and said, 'Don't anybody say a word.'"

Now everybody was breaking up, Thomas most of all. He laughed, and somehow, next season, which never starts somewhere, began for Thurman Thomas of the Bills.

HE STARTED PLAYING FOOTBALL in the seventh grade with the Missouri City Cougars, a junior high school team in Texas. Before that, Thurman Thomas had been a baseball player. A coach named John Pugh pulled him off the school bus one afternoon in a scene out of some movie. "Why don't you give football a try?" Pugh said.

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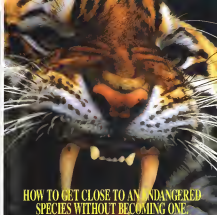
THE SPORTING LIFE

"I know it sounds like I'm making this up," Thomas says, "but the first time I touched the ball, I ran eighty yards for a touchdown. Ran away from everybody. When I looked back, I saw my friends, everybody on the field, jumping around and giving me another high five, going crazy. Like, they were all saying, 'Did you see that? And I remember thinking that I kind of liked the feeling.'" He closes his eyes, nods his head, smiling at the picture, because none of the statistics Thomas carries around inside his head are good ones. "I was basically the man after that."

He was a star in the Oklahoma State backfield with Barry Sanders. He moved on to Buffalo, slipped behind Jim Kelly, and became a notoriously successful professional. He could run and catch and was games—all but the big one.

Thomas South went to Disney World after Super Bowl XXVIII, sailing in the Disney parade while Thomas was dropping the ball in Hawaii. South has been league MVP and Super Bowl MVP. He has gained 5,179 rushing yards since he came into the National Football League four years ago. His overall total—rushing and receiving—is 6,034. Thomas has 7,813 rushing yards in six seasons with the Bills (5,026 in the last four years) and 10,814 all-purpose yards. If Scott Norwood had kicked a field goal against the Giants on January 27, 1994, Thomas would have a Super Bowl MVP trophy, too. He was the best player on the field that day with Ed McCaffrey for 115 yards, one of them a brilliant thirty-yard run for a touchdown. He also had five receptions.

But Norwood missed the kick. Buffalo lost, and everything began to change for the Bills. They went back to the Super Bowl the next year and lost again. Thomas missed the first play of the game because he had misplaced his helmet on the sideline. Then, in 1995, the Bills lost to the Cowboys in the Rose Bowl, 31-17. Thomas had a fumble in that one. Everybody knows what happened last season. The Bills dominated the first half. Thomas scored the game's first touchdown. Buffalo led in the third quarter. Then Kelly gave Thomas a very clumsy handoff—he seemed to put the ball on Thomas's elbow instead of in his belly—and Rose Hill, the Bills center, missed a block. Lane Lott got a five outing at the ball.



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Thus, a tennis man round at Macallan when it was suggested that a personal representation of their malt whisky bottle should appear in an advertisement.

It smacked too much of the 'hard sell'.

Their Publicity Advisers, however, assured them that there is occasionally a need for this sort of thing.

So, with some nagging, they have consented to a small scraperboard reproduction being displayed.



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THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.**

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THE SPORTING LIFE

Thomas never saw him. James Wainwright of the Cowboys picked it up. The Bills never scored another point. Smith went to Danny White, and Thomas began the long wait for another chance at the last Sunday in January. I ask him if he has watched the film.

"Oh, I've watched the game five or six times," he says. "But I'm asking me if I'm about to see it. I'm not like that. I've never been like that. The building I got in the Pro Bowl when I dropped the ball? It isn't neither like what I hear in my own locker room. I'm not the type to shy away from stuff like that. I'm not that type of person."

"What if you never win the Super Bowl?"

"Then I had my chance, we all had our chance, and we didn't win the Super Bowl. I won't walk away from this game an unhappy person. I was watching the Hall of Fame ceremonies this year, and there's Bud Grant, and I thought to myself, 'He was era in the Super Bowl, and he ended up in the Hall anyway, because people understand what he accomplished.' I thought, 'You know what, Thurman? If Bud Grant can go to the Hall, so can you.'"

In the Nickelodeon Cafe, I ask Thomas to imagine that he is an average football fan from somewhere outside of Buffalo. I want to play word association. I say, "Thurman Thomas."

"Unbelievable," he says.

"Why?"

"Because people are telling me all the time they can't believe the change I can do on a football field."

WHEN HE isn't remembering, Thomas likes to imagine things. I think to myself, "This could be me in that Berko commercial. Ernest's got," he says. "I look up at the screen, and I hear them saying, 'Now that you've won the Super Bowl, Thurman Thomas, where are you going?' Thomas's smile is bright, childlike. "And I say 'I'm going to Danny World.'"

The waitress brings him another soft drink. He looks like a clumsy kid as he sips half of it through a straw.

Too much of America knows him from Super Sunday. They see him on the sideline after the fumble in the first Bills-Cowboys Super Bowl, angrily pacing and muttering. They see him

sitting on the bench, mulling leg cramps after the fumble in '94. But Thurman Thomas, even talking about the bad things, is quick to smile, quick to laugh.

He leans forward now so that I don't misunderstand what he is saying about Ernest Smith. He doesn't want to sound jealous or misinterpreted.

"Ernest's my friend," Thomas says. "I love Ernest. They threw this big birthday party for him in Dallas, and I managed my schedule so I could be there. We never talk about football too much. Last year, we were over at his place—the two of us—scribbling numbers on pieces of paper. I figured I was going to sign my contract first, so we were scribbling and laughing, saying, 'If I make that, maybe you can make that,' or, 'If I ask for that, you gotta ask for that.' Other than that, we'd rather talk about golf."

Football talk, it seems, is reserved for Thomas's teammates. On the long nights of training camp, the Bills often talked about going to another Super Bowl, their Bills in a now They'd meet at Coughlin's, this bar in Pasadena, New York, to drink beer and blow off steam, learn to rock 'n' roll. The veterans gathered there one night in August. Jeff Wright, the defensive tackle, free-backers Darryl Talley and Cornelius Bennett, wide receiver Andre Reed, Jim Kelly and Thurman Thomas.

It was late, and the mood was great. Kelly looked around the table and said, "Let's fucking win this year." Thomas—in a moment when the remembering and the imagining seemed to collide—quietly said, "Clay." Then Wright said, "Clay." All of them tossed their glasses to the idea of finally winning the fucking Super Bowl.

"What if you don't?" I ask again.

"Then we don't," he says. "It won't control our life career. I and we wouldn't have changed being here. I wouldn't have changed anything."

Thomas has made mistakes, some on the field, some off, and he has taken his licks from the press. Because he plays in Buffalo, people outside western New York see him as a loner. Whenever the NFL's great running backs are mentioned, he is always a distant second to Ernest Smith, even though their records are similar. The truth is Thurman Thomas—like a handful of Sundays—is an immortal. ■



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Getting the Hog's Share

To profit from the massive boomer market, there's only one pure play

NOT LONG AGO, I found myself sitting in the bleachers of a baseball field, watching the rather tedious progress of a Little League game, when a remarkable scene unfolded. It was all the more memorable in that you wouldn't have expected it to take place in an upper-middle-class community full of lawyers, business executives, and Wall Streeters.

In any case, there I sat on this sunny afternoon, watching a game that contained mostly of snobs and snobs by ten-year-olds, when a motorcycle roared past. At this, a middle-aged woman gasped, then leaned across me and shouted to a friend, "My husband's man! He wants to get one of those things!" Whereupon the woman behind me leaned over and declared, "My husband already has one! Now he wants me to get dressed up in leather pants and go riding around behind him!"

In a moment, the game had been forgotten, and the bleachers were silent about Men and Motorcycles—in particular, Harley-Davidson, by general (if somewhat baffled) agreement of every woman present, the only bike her man would consider being seen on.

Now this different little patch is not a place where you'd expect to find men napping their wives for a chance to go roving around—like Brando in *The Wild One* or maybe Arnold in *Terminator 2*—with, as the blur books of yesterday liked to put it, half a ton of scorching and between their legs. Who knows what scenes are harbored in the heart of a testosterone-poisoned man closing in on the big Five-O?

And why should this be of interest to you, the average investor, ever taken for wags as built up the old Knoggs on SEF? Simple. Instead of buying a Harley, buy some of the company's stock. These shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange (traded under price about

\$90), may be one of the great underappreciated investment opportunities of the age, ready to ride one of the last great consumer buying binges of the twentieth century.

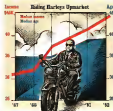
Harley-Davidson makes out splendid models of traditionally styled, heavy-weight motorcycles, running from \$5,000 to \$15,000. We're not talking about "weekend riders" here—the kind that you have to get all hunched over to ride and that accelerate so fast you half expect your legs to be snapped out from under you and to flap in the wind as you shriek down the street. With Harleys, we're talking slow, low center-of-gravity machines that you sit straight up on as you breeze around with your arms outstretched and straps flexing just to *Am, or what?*

Harley totally dominates the U.S. market for such bikes, producing more than eighty thousand a year, which is plans to raise to a hundred thousand by 1998. Typically, the company sells out its entire annual production a year before new models begin rolling off the line. True, any outfit unable to keep pace with demand for its product would seem to create competition, and rival manufacturers have begun producing big bikes that are styled like Harleys. But Harley-Davidson has something going for it that no rival can match: its image.

HD is a hot stock not because of the product itself—the bikes are technologically fairly ordinary, with a reputation for unreliability and maintenance problems that the company is only now beginning to overcome. Rather, the stock is a buy because of the bike's free-spirit cachet and the truly mind-blowing magnitude of the market that snags increasingly up to its elbows, middle-aged men who are looking for ways to escape the dreary of overcrowded suburbs.

As Warner Wolf once put it, let's go to the demographics. A huge army of men—thirty-eight million—will be marching into and through middle age over the next twenty years. These are the male members of the baby-boom generation, defined roughly as those born between 1946 and 1964—the seventy-seven million Americans who comprise the greatest consumer buying force the world has ever known. The eldest of the lot are now in their late forties, most to begin crossing the half-century mark.

Nearly every great marketing coup of the last fifty years has involved feeding the appetites of this army, male and fe-



BILL BURNELL

This time it's pasta instead of peanut butter. Plumbing. Girls definitely allowed.

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made stable, as it has moved through life. The products are favored to us all from disposable diapers to milk. It's not from portable hair dryers to personal computers. And it's not too late to look for what this army can be expected to do next—and to make a buck by doing it. Anticipatory investing.

Philly has been written already about the coming boom to cruise ship travel and 1990's port design eye-glances. But suggesting men who have disposable income can be tricky. How can you cash in on what research shows will be a boom in, say, home gyms? How can you profit from break-through in hair-growth science?

The fact is, you can't. The companies in these fields are either privately held or grossly speculative or so widely diversified as to hold out little promise for a significant stake in earnings. Only one company—Harley Davidson—offers a pure play in this market.

Even before Harley Road rolled out his first Model T, Harley Davidson of Milwaukee was making bikes. In 1919, the firm was taken over by AMF Inc. (the bowling-ball bunch) and was

thereafter managed to the edge of extinction—a process helped along mightily by a tidal wave of competing imports from Japan. In 1981, Harley's management mounted a leveraged buyout, and five years later, the company was public at \$150 a share. Since then, the stock has tripled and has been selling for more than a dozen times that figure.

Any stock that has ended up price increases of more than 20 percent for eight straight years would hardly seem to be a buy and some investment houses have viewed the shares as a turnaround play that has pretty much run its course. But HD has a strong balance sheet, a competitive labor force, and a stock that is selling at roughly twenty-two times forecasts for next year's earnings. The price may seem a bit rich by current market standards, but when viewed over three to five years, the shares look to be rich cheap.

That's because a glance at the market suggests that the bike sales growth will slow after. After all, only about half of all male bikers have even reached their forties, and by the year 2000, near-

ly twenty-five million of them will still be in their thirties or younger. These are Harley's prime customers.

Indeed, in the ten years that the company has traded its customer demographics, Harley's buyers (55 percent male) have been growing older, richer, and better educated. In 1981, the average age of a Harley buyer was thirty-four; today, it is thirty-one. In 1984, 50 percent had a high school education at best; today, high school grads and dropouts account for only 33 percent of sales, whereas the majority of buyers with college and postgraduate degrees has surged—from 14 percent in 1984 to 39 percent today.

So add it all up and the advice boils down to this: If you're looking for a place to stash a few bucks in an over-bought market that the street feels any as heading for a fall, forget about "defensive" stocks or the Dow 30 and start looking for companies that sell products you or your friends wish you had. Start yourself a little portfolio called your Middle Class Fund and make Harley Davidson a core holding. A few years from now you'll be glad you did it.

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Rockets, earthquakes, fireworks, full-excursion pelvic thrusting, the final engorgement of the late plateau phase, and the high mountaintop of love of which the poets sing

The orgasm, what else?

By Sallie Tisdale

NO ONE HAS EVER duplicated the work of William Masters and Virginia Johnson. They weren't the first to study the physiology of sexual intercourse and orgasm, but they were the first, and the only, people to publish such a narrowly focused and detailed study of it for the layperson. No one else has tried, as far as I know, and I doubt anyone could anymore, funding being a continuing problem in the field of sexology, and funding for explicit research the hardest to find. *Human Sexual Response* sold out its first printing in three days, but most people today can't describe what the book was about, exactly, or how the research was done. For good reason. At the time, Masters was quoted as saying of the study's incredibly turgid prose, "Every effort was made to make this book as pedantic and obtuse as possible, and,

An awful joy

may I say in all readiness, I think we succeeded admirably."

Masters and Johnson originally used prostitutes in their research—women "regarded as knowledgeable, cooperative, and available for study"—because they presumed "more conservative" populations wouldn't participate. Wilbur Masters and Virginia Johnson, unlike Alfred Kinsey, weren't interested in social behavior. They were interested in the precise anatomy and physiology of sex—the minute structures of the genitalia, and especially what happened to the genitalia in sexual arousal and orgasm. This required the researchers to observe people actually having sex and having orgasms, and, reasonably enough, prostitutes came to mind. And many did participate—giving "valuable" tips on sexual response and technique.

It wasn't long before the researchers' efforts to find more-conservative people paid off. Eventually, gay women, aged eighteen to twenty-eight, and gay men, aged twenty-one to eighty-nine, participated. They gave such blunt responses for participating as anxiety over sexual performance, "the opportunity for anonymous relief of sexual tension," the chance to witness a marriage, and a unique opportunity to earn some extra cash. Clearly, the "conservative" population was full of surprises. Masters and Johnson claimed all their subjects felt the study was ultimately beneficial to their sex lives. Most of the women, who were studied longer and in more depth than the men, had two primary reasons: money and a safe outlet for regular sex.

The heart of the study involved observations of intercourse and masturbation, the last involving a kind of high-tech, electronically powered recording dildos, allegedly nicknamed *Ulysses*. "The penises are plastic and were developed with the same optics as plate glass. Cold-light illumination allows observation and recording without distraction. Observation in this equipment obviously was necessary."

Human Sexual Response is a tough read, a textbook on a complex subject most of us know little about, written in the most technically stolid language possible. But now and then, a little poetry seeps through the end academic paragraphs, now and then, a little more perls out, perhaps not always unintentionally. Vivid lubrication before intercourse is called "mounting readiness." The erect penis exhibits its "full, erect domain."

Measuring a fully erect penis—out at the "final engorgement of late phase, phase"—had to be done quickly, the researchers noted. "Measurement frequently was rushed." It had to be in a slightly hunched, slumped posture with bicolored glasses and a white lab coat, wearing latex gloves and kneeling with a measuring tape and clipboard beside his subject: a pining, naked man who holds his head-on and his hands impatiently away on his face, nose and face clenched, with permission to finish is granted. The scientist jumps abruptly out of range, just in time, and the next subject, prick in hand, steps up to the mark.

Everything we know about the physical aspects of masturbation comes from this kind of observation. So go to your room. Close the curtains. Unplug the phone. Pull back the bedcovers. Strip. Lie down and touch yourself in whatever

your private ways you prefer, ways no one else ever sees. (Because even if you masturbate in front of a lover, it will have a different style, a different focus, than this solitary moment.) When the tingle begins to fade from your skin, imagine this *Eleutheria Ligna*. A caters between your self-outspread knees. A man, or a woman, in a lab coat, with a clipboard, taking notes. The world returning.

THE HUMAN BODY in orgasm looks remarkably consistent—male or female, young or old. The rectal sphincter contracts between two and five times, each contraction lasting about 0.5 seconds, the neck, arm, and leg muscles clasp in involuntary spasm; the big toe juts out and the other toes bend back from the arched sole in a reflex called the corporeal squint; the skin turns red, almost rosy, in the "sex flush," breathing speeds up to hyperventilation, the heart races at 120 to 160 beats per minute, the face is distorted by grimaces and contortions. Both sexes do "full-occlusion pelvic thrusting." In women, the vagina and uterus contract at the same speed as the rectal sphincter, as many as ten to fifteen times, in men, the penis contracts at the same speed as the rectal sphincter, shooting semen out in several spurts, one to two feet away from the body. Women also sometimes ejaculate a clear and often copious fluid that used to be called "childish serum." Though Masters and Johnson noted it, female ejaculation is widely considered imaginary these days.

What is an orgasm? In physiological terms, orgasm is the pleasurable, rapid release from vasoconstrictive and retractor symptoms caused by physical and psychological sexual stimulation. In other words, orgasm, which feels so acute, so much an act, is a kind of attract after the action of foreplay—it is a letting go, a surrender and return to the normal. The build to orgasm is an awful joy, full of pleasure and tension in almost equal measure; orgasm is a cool bath bathing the burn. There are many mythic images of getting stuck in copulation, like dogs unable to separate, heroes and heroines in permanent, unending intercourse. "In sexual getting stuck forever is either the mythic way one has to die—that is, never forward, into orgasm. An orgasm interrupted is a peculiar and horrible risk, every part of the body leaning into the halted drive. The muscles swell, the penis throbs. Something of the same happens to women, on a larger scale."

Masters and Johnson describe an experiment in which a woman was kept highly aroused for six and a half hours, during which she "underwent repeated pelvic contractions." Five times the woman was brought (exactly how is not explained) to a preorgasmic state without being allowed to climax. By the end of the experiment, her uterus was more than twice normal size, her vaginal canal was "grossly engorged," her labia were swollen almost three times normal size. The pelvic canal had become painful. She then stood for six hours without any sexual stimulation, and this level of painful engorgement continued, along with cramping and backache. She was also, we are informed in an aside, "irritable, emotionally disturbed, and could not sleep." Finally, she was allowed to masturbate to orgasm and felt "immediate relief" from all symptoms.



DANIEL MAFFIA

Excerpted from *Talk Dirty to Me: An Intimate Philosophy of Sex*, by Sella. *Yieldie* is published once month by Doubleday.

In these simple physical terms, there is little difference between men and women, among different men, among different women, between one orgasm and another. Masters and Johnson studied men clanking during intercourse and from masturbation, and women clanking from penetration, from clitoral masturbation, from rubbing their breasts, and, in a few cases, purely from fantasy, in each case, the measured physical orgasm was essentially the same, varying only in the degree of tension achieved before relaxation. In other words, the worse it goes, the better it will be. That little blip is just a miniature version of the mind-blowing earthquake from last week, the only significant difference a difference of degree. But, of course, in our real lives this seems meaningless, what really counts about an orgasm takes place in our heads.

The move toward orgasm is a move toward preoccupation with one's genitals. Whatever the stimulus, sooner or later the conscious self gets shovelled down into the crunch, none so noise with desire. Premature ejaculation can be seen as nothing more than a sudden, unplanned relocation. But for all the similarities in muscles and sphincters, the male and female experiences of orgasm are markedly different. And who really owns about genital-sphincter spasms when it's spitting, those spitting organs wet, wet? The life experience is what matters, and I know the life experience of men is not much like my own, and that is reinforced there even a little I have to see the differences as having no significance, no record, meaning.

Men tell me of boyhood ejaculation contests in back of the barn, gay men I know casually describe the concrete they took to the last potluck jello-cup party they attended. Many straight men fantasize the most pragmatic sexual outlet. I was aroused when a friend of mine described a five-minute orgasmic sexual encounter in an alley—simply because it could never be so easy for me, never so free of psychological consequence. Gay men can join themselves to an anonymous system of anonymous sex, ignited by the hole in the bathroom wall. Male sexuality seems different from mine fundamentally, because nothing need be involved but the head and shaft of the penis, no other part of the body need be touched, touched, undressed, or naked, no relationship of any kind need exist. Men consistently can be elevated. Most important, orgasm is usually guaranteed. In fact, men often seem to like the environments in which such sex takes place specifically for all the reasons I would find it unenjoyably difficult to discuss in those places the danger of being

caught, the unexpected opening when, the sudden arousal, its sudden end. Such sex takes place literally within one's ordinary life—in, out, it's over, back to work. I can be made and point out the enormous fantasy involved in putting your penis in a hole in the wall. But that is a fantasy that is not.

The male orgasm has always seemed to me to be a little bit most from nowhere, to be infinitely more ready and willing than any own—and to peak and melt away into a vanishing point where all dream, all tension in things sexual, disappears. Richard Rhodes, in his memoir *Making Love*, describes his effort to hold back ejaculation by reciting the Gargantuan Address, trying to resist what Masters and Johnson called the "sense of ejaculatory inevitability." But Lincoln was no help under the pressure, Lincoln, the everything else, kept turning into sex. "The anatomy of my or penile birth control of 'Our father brought forth upon the continent' was particularly noticeable to everyone. 'You become' this woman, 'her breasts mount'—I find it more important to keep my mind on the complex process of building, rather than off, Lincoln would discuss me in an instant, would inevitably lead into reminiscence and memory, showing the frustrated energy away. Male orgasm seems easy to me. Men can keep two sex, make a big drive out of everything, and keep on, or go right to sleep, or get up for a little television.

When women described their orgasms to Masters and Johnson, it was as though they were describing a completely different event. What is a driving, linear sensation to men begins in women "with a sensation of suspension or stoppage." This sensation of suspension is followed immediately by pleasure rising in intensity. From mild to shock level, "accompanied by various strange and sometimes disconcerting feelings—'beating down,' 'pelvic throbbing,' that last growing until it is 'one with a sense of the pulse or heartbeat.'"

Howie Gordon told me an anecdote about his early days in porn, and his first scene with an actress he'd never seen before. "We started, took about fifteen minutes, whoosh, everything was perfect. After we came—after I came—I said, 'Do you want to come?' And she said, 'Are you kidding?' In front of all these people."

My own orgasm is fragile, elusive, and commanding, and subject to other people's attitudes, however odd or weird. Girls inhibit my orgasm, long gone spurs speak. My orgasms are hard-won and often emotionally disruptive, taking only with reluctance, sometimes refusing to completely

go away. Why, when the climax has more active endings in a much smaller space than the penis, is the female orgasm so much trickier to achieve? Why don't I go off like a rocket? I can try to explain the evolution of male orgasm as the inevitable result of human trying to procreate as fast as possible, when fertile females are hard to find and predators wait behind every rock. But that explanation doesn't satisfy me, not one way or the other. Fearless is what's needed, and sometimes presence is exactly what I haven't got.

In *Flask in the Ring*, a 1950s-era Mexican pulp novel, the hero uses a woman wrestler naked for the first time. "The male climax poked from the thick lips like a miniature penis. The hard, long clitoris of the lesbian." This is old but in doing research, this line of the demanding, hungry clitoris versus the receptive, accommodating vagina. A clitoris was thought to lead directly to lesbianism—to discuss on a poster sex. Excess of the clitoris in an old story for the end recommended by the Catholic Church not that long ago.

Whether a woman had an orgasm wasn't that important an issue, really, she simply had to be willing to go up the easy route to one. I read beloved mature women moved to their sexuality from the clitoral focus of the little girl rubbing herself to sleep into the vaginal desire for penetration—because penetrating vaginas is what penises, in their times, are supposed to do. In order to "qualify" as a heterosexual, a woman had to prefer intercourse to any other sexual need. To be "clitoral" was to be arrested in one's development—immature, undeveloped, oppositional. To be clitoral was to be disordered—a spoiled girl warning another girl of cake.

There have always been arguments over whether the clitoris is the "first penis," partly because women who had clitoris been depicted as masculine and unbalanced versions of men. But no maker of culture ever worried the clitoris to have independence, metaphorical or otherwise. Sex education material proposed for the public schools by members of the Christian Right once any mention of it at all, the anatomical drawings of genitalia in the curriculum leave the clitoris out. I don't have a name for it until I started reading dirty books and looking at paintings by Betty Dodson. My mother never mentioned it that's for sure.

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I've always been dramatically fascinated and repelled by the possibility of my parents' sexual relations, a fascination that changed but didn't go away when I became sexually active myself. (As a parent, I find myself wondering what happens to a child who, on the edge of sleep, hears his mother cry out in orgasm.)

When my mother and father married, right after World War II, marriage manuals were filled with advice, with the labyrinthine constructions of sexual hygiene for a propitious generation. They are most remarkable on the subject of the clitoris and the ubiquitous mechanism required to accomplish the officially approved goal of orgasm without succumbing to such temptations as the unmetted end of one's sex.

"The clitoris, while important," wrote one mid-century therapist, "is not nearly as important as most of us have been taught to believe. It becomes critical during excitement

and it bends down to make contact with the meeting penis. With the penis penetrating, there should be sufficient lubrication to make the sex enjoyable. In time, the orgasm should occur." This advice cautions the woman with strong sexual feelings not to masturbate, since doing so will condition her to enjoy "clitoral friction." If she knows her clitoris alone and has intercourse with her husband as much as possible, he assures us, with time the "normal channel" will develop.

Another therapist wrote that the failure of the clitoris to be adequately stimulated during intercourse "is one of the anomalies in the sexual physiology of the human female." This author, a man, discusses how to fix this nagging problem, admitting that in extreme cases the husband might consider amputating his penis to choose "lovers after he has reached his own orgasm," because otherwise tension will develop in the marriage. But that counselor had a strong preference for another approach: "The relationship position is 'the usual position for coitus,' he said, 'is a variation to bear in mind, however, that in this position the knees of the woman would have to be bent and her thighs drawn up. How far should the knees be drawn up? The knees may be flexed only slightly with the feet resting on the bed, or they may be drawn up so that the legs of the wife will encircle the husband's body.' Another is confident that intercourse in the missionary position will result in simultaneous orgasms. "This is it. This is the moment of ecstasy when a woman joins along a Milky Way moment to all her own. This is the high mounting of love of which the poets sang. Her whole being in a full orchestra playing the fantasia of a glorious epiphany."

This last advice is, of course, truly fantastic, but one had to try. Married women who don't have orgasm suffer headaches, dizziness, "a general feeling of dirty misery. Some women later become depressed, having, sweeping spells, digestive upsets, and nervous prostration." They may suffer arrhythmia, claudication, slowness, compulsive behavior, and phobias. Without knowing why, "they wake up in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, having a grudging disposition, finding fault with their husbands, their children, and everything in general." (I know I do.)

The world in which my mother married seems so far away from the one in which I became sexually active, it seems almost quaint, less intrusive, topped with sadness, but less, fewer choices. I wonder how easily she read these books, how much she took their words to heart. Did she deny herself the obvious orgasm that beckoned? Certainly it is not once mentioned in any of the marriage books of her generation. I've read, except in the one that lists it as a perversion. I imagine couples all over America throb and wobble about in silent pursuit of the elusive, unattainable, simultaneous orgasms they are both told to have and instructed to obtain in the worst possible way. I imagine couples succumbing to the obvious in silence, then I imagine my parents throwing the books to the fireplace.

So I bless Masters and Johnson for calling the clitoris "a unique organ in the total of human anatomy," for noting that "the human female frequently is not content with one orgasm," for experiencing "a total and fully satisfying orgasm" of that women get "frustrated by male ineptitude" when it comes to the clitoris. In the ages, they tried to run a horse-



Our fluids are meant to mingle

sexual-conversion therapy programs. They had little luck with men, but even less with lesbians, whose complaints had much more to do with social and familial pressures than with sexual disaffection. The therapeutic approach included trying to convince women that men could be turned to be nice at once, understandable, and satisfying in bed as women

One possible effect of biopsychological sex research is a conflict between the observed situation and the real experiences of sex. This research can be used to overrule, correct, dismiss, and devalue the subject's spoken beliefs, to find accepted ideas of sexual behavior down the garden paths of social desirability. Men have historically spoken of women's sexuality in either cultured or patronizing tones—sometimes both at once—and (patronizing women) can make it even harder for men to understand the fluid, amorphous, and deeply psychological nature of female sexuality. If you are lubricated, you must be aroused; if you don't feel aroused, then your feelings are wrong, not the lubrication. If we rely too heavily on research, our feelings come gradually to be seen as body reactions and not as the indicators of our lives.

I try to imagine a different world, a world in which the leading scientists and psychotherapists, all women, spend the better part of a century arguing over the relative masculinity of the male orgasmic experience. After all, the male orgasm is undeniably simple; doesn't require a partner, and begins in early childhood. It is as instinctive, pure, obvious to be valued. And the penis is very badly placed, anatomically speaking, when it comes to making women come. But if it does simply tell their penises alone, stopped attending to those enormous nerve fibers, and concentrated instead on lubricate how to squeeze through their vaginas.

IFONDLY REMEMBER THINKING Every organ is different. Then I was instantly amazed myself, because every sexual event is different. Every point of arousal, every pleasure, every intersection of desire with the desired is unique. The memory of sexual passion often feels as though it had been dreamed rather than done. As if it had happened to someone else, been told to us—no, more accurately, been witnessed. You, the other, each one when I fall. L the other, each you.

"To take off its clothes off at the beginning of the sex act is a ritual of sole removal," in the words of Marjorie Dinnerstein, author of *Sex and Gender*. (And judging on certain kinds of clothing at the beginning of sex is surely a matter of putting on a ritual that isn't really yours.) By taking off our clothes in front of each other, we consciously take off our other selves, our relations to other people, the threats of our relations to each other. We become just a body, outside the normal structures and plans of daily life. To be naked means to be seen, but below that, to be naked is to be engaged. Naked. Talking of clothes as revolutionary, proletarian, stripping, reduces and removes whatever makes us only us. And it makes us both more human and more like objects at the same time. In this sense, all sex is misrecognition: the other person's body is an object by which we have created but wholly internal pleasures and our consent is a self imposed and unshared surrender.

As usual increases, we imagine things not in the quotidian sphere of concern, we say and do things that seem these

to be perfectly logical, correct—even necessary—but that are not planned, not even imaginable, in any other state. In this manner, mind and logic are completely absent from the state. This was Thomas Aquinas's main objection to sex. If what distinguishes humans from animals is their ability to reason, then what could be more destructive to *humanity* than a force that *steals reason away*? Afterward, the next day, the morning after, when desire has been sated, there remains the shocked memory: "Oh God, did I say that? Did I do that? Yes, you did."

In passion, the body shivers itself, is absorbed. Daring labia loose enormous, the wrinkled apron bundles of the acrostan grow in stature, a pearly spray of acrotes expands into a bell. The shapes turn alien and impassionate, barely discerned in the chaos of color and line. They expand and ripple into something else, like a word said over and over for the sound of it until all meaning is lost and the syllables become incantation and noise.

I catch myself talking about soft sex now and then, glibly as though it had no psychic meaning. But for all the simplicity of language, for all that protecting ourselves from sexually transmitted diseases is largely a matter of a few moments of thought, there is a great price required! In the depth of sexual passion, the skin of the other has the quality of treasure, the masculine secretions our bodies make are honey, manna, light. To be cut off from each other's fluid is a terrible thing, our fluids are meant to mingle and we long for this mingling that is both so outrageous and so pure.

Tangents loomed during organs, things got said that would never be said otherwise. The Mizuo thought one couldn't keep secrets, even the most important; and magical acts, during intercourse. Certainly in a sexual relationship a moment arrives when you don't want to stop, you don't want to stop so much that your brain disengages and you would do anything to keep going—if you could do anything but this, all else disappears: the lover, the self, God, all other needs vanish; there are no other appetites or hungers left; everyone is consumed and the land laid waste.

Organism is psychodeine, you can't describe it, but you can't understand if you've been there before. Two people on LSD, one says, "The rug!" and the other nods vigorously: "Boh! The rug!" They have a kind of perfect understanding—both see the rug with someone else. But they have no understanding at all because they see the rug with *their* eyes. Of course, some of us get most associated with others; some days seem more restless. We can't really explain how unusual feelings, what an organism is and the closer we get to one, the less value would have the loss we can't language at all. Reason doesn't just leave to what we create. Organism is attributed to reason, reason is destroyed, reason, reason is destroyed, reason is destroyed, reason is destroyed. A small taste of that when she was, he comes, he feels his sister's sister his sister's vagina on Thursday and strange on Wednesday, eternally, endlessly, over in a few seconds. He is submerged in the open air of the moment.

That is the most valuable part in adult car experiences is an ordinary aspect of life, the moment when we are most outside the awareness of self-consciousness, when we become only Mouth, Skin, Hunger, Cry, Smile. Those are royal and holy seconds. The language of objects and the language of humans use the same words. The fear that keeps us from it

tenacity with coarseness is the same fear that keeps us from achieving fever, and this fear is pacified in arousal—sexual arousal or devotional arousal. Arousal begins in the moment when desire overcomes fear, and from then on, the course is happily, economically, toward extinction. Necessarily this is a dangerous course, narrow roads usually are.

The merging of two into one in orgasm, this blending of identity, combines bliss and anxiety in a strange new. This may be the best explanation for why the orgasm of masturbation can be more powerful and feel more physically whole than those shared. They are simply safer. Murray Davis uses the phrase "a sort of ontological consternation" to describe how we can hold our inner self in check even when our body is fully engaged. But one of the great unities of sex is to overcome this—to create a

bliss of neurological terrorism. The release is separate from the simply physical gratification, and yet it is like physically and has physical effects. It is possible during sex—and not just in orgasm—to get out of one's head in a quite literal way: like lose you for a while and watch yourself go, and time as much as anything ceases the almost total state of repose that follows. To lose oneself awhile can be such a relief. The odd thing about the human ego is how it both wants and longs for its own extinction, and the ego when first it has been led in the first place, as much as our body, the ego is the selfish part of us that demands the pleasure of orgasm, that focuses self-centredly on the body of another as a source of private pleasure, and it's the ego that, ultimately, is killed by the result. Orgasm is a loss of self, a loss of ego. In the last death, a miniature reminder of the bigger one: the ego goes in an instantaneous and instantaneous moment of the ego goes before him.

The joke goes like this: When does the atheist pray to God? The cross of organs are carried as well as prayers—we call on God and Jesus and, for all I know, Allah and Mohammed and Moses as well, and we say Yes, and we say No. Another joke: Don't, soon, don't, soon, don't, soon.

One of the unique human aspects of sex is our association of sex with fear, sex with power, sex with pain. *As with death. We fear sex in a poetic way, which is often the way we desire it.* This meld of fear and desire, writes William Irwin Thompson, is what gives human sexuality its obsessive quality. "Gone is the casual, ten-second coitus of the animal, present for good is the sexualization of human culture, and an association of erotic excitement with a thrilling sense of danger." Sexuality, not sex, is often how there, the human addition

Sexual forms – unlike like the petals of a flower in an explosion – suddenly explode in every direction and will light up on any available appendage, surface, or symbolic vessel. There's no safe place for the sexual human, no solid barricade behind which we can hide from sex, no defense to assert that the possibility of intimacy can't slip through. Sometimes I long for that release of the ego into the other, my lover, and I don't let go no matter how I try. But I remember more than once longing to be left alone and being released against my will like slipping at the top of an icy slide and knowing there's no way to stop until I come to the ground.

Death is constant, and this constancy is what we fear. It never goes away for long. So humans learned to restrain sex and formulate sexual relationships, began to tell stories about

see explosions needed to incorporate shuffling and unpredictable steps into our lives. We've been doing that for a long time. When sexual acts became symbols, romance was born.

If sex is a problem for me, it's an unsolvable problem, impacting, eternal. Since I can't make me go away, I can only hope to find out how to live with it, how to make it be not a problem. That makes living far even more important than facing shame, it means paying attention to myself, my desires and concerns, a lot more than to the values and concerns of those around me.

I avoid sex sometimes, even when I long for it. When I'm nervous, uncertain, prickly, or too tired, sleep is what I want. The stress and anxieties of sleep, where everything falls away. Everything—the sad-

during, other, worst, the also-disappearing. In all our swirls of repetitive blandness, the one who does come. No one talks about love, even when it's the only desire in the moment and union of sex, one small part, part only in some—and in return, using everything else. No one talks about coming back to the cell's moment later: knocked breathless by the knowledge of having been so far gone.

The infant learns to say no from the trauma of birth, the mother's rejection, the coldness of the world. We are all filled with no. Saul Wilentz teaches the newborn: "I just cry. And, finally, it gives up. It gives up and says, 'No'." Here, at the very beginning, the spirit develops. Hence, the 'no' develops; the big 'No' of humanity. And then you ask why the world is in a mess? "Is the No we all sooner or later utter in response the same rejection? Is it first, the No of shame, the No of 'no more,' or the No of 'Don't! Don't! Don't!' I just see, don't scare me, don't make me. Don't scare."



We call on God

"So, You're the Great **Woody Allen**?" a Man on the Street Asked Him.

"Well," he said, "I used to be."

By Bill Zehme

H E IS NOT A MAN who looks good in hats. He wears them anyway, although never indoors, which would invite bad luck, of which he has had enough. In a hat, he looks like himself in a hat—only older and more fishy. Most days, his hat is the funniest thing about him.

There are three hats on the cover of the book: one of his Fifth Avenue penthouse. He rarely leaves without taking one. His famous obscure hat Long ago, when he worried more, he also wore fish moccasins. His famous once gave him a mosquito comb in a love scene. Life has changed, of course, but his hats have not. Every day he walks the streets of New York beneath a low canvas hat of the sort favored by men who fish. "Oh, you see it as a fishing hat?" he says to me, surprised and bemused. "I don't know what you'd call it, but I started getting these hats years ago because they did the job."

He believes that hats make him go percent less recognizable. "People say, 'Oh, everybody knows you from

your hat,' but it isn't true," he says. So we test the hat principle on Lexington Avenue, strolling purposefully into pedestrian traffic. Fearfully you huddle, but many of them openly grin at the spectacle of the famous man in the fishy hat who looks downward as he walks. Only one person approaches a large guy in a shirt, tie and chukka, who murmurs, "So you're the great Woody Allen?" There is a brief pause for consideration.

Then "Well," I said to be.

From the canon (Blondie, Daisy Bow), TOM REAGAN: Gaily? What the hell is that? People are something better—they grab it. Who's got time for gaily? DANNY BOY: What are you talking about? It's important to feel gaily. Otherwise, you, you know, you're capable of doing terrible things! TIM: I never feel gaily. I just think you gotta do what you gotta do. You know, life is short. You don't get any credits for being a Boy Scout.

His palmer pleasure is eating steak. "I don't have it more than once every six or eight weeks," he says, full.

Woody in exile: "The real world is a place I've never felt comfortable in."

TIMOTHY WHITE



of conscience. And, perhaps to temper enjoyment, he sits it out at Sparks steak house, site of the infamous Paul Camello meal he "I ate in the north-facing section," he says Gekko also has to practice the dinner each day even when he would rather do anything but. "If I didn't, I'm filled with guilt," he says. Otherwise, he is not a palsy man. He is encompassed by much, but not so much that he cannot function. His heart aches, but his conscience is clear—which is reassuring to many who deem him for indications he cannot revoke. (He sees no crime in his malady.) He works prodigiously, as he always has. "Not as hard as it looks," he says openly. He is less number than he is sense, and I have often seen him smile and laugh, even though such phenomena are rarely recorded. One day, he tells me a joke to explain himself. "There's an old Jewish joke, you know, about the Jewish mother whose son goes into the Army. The mother is out there watching the troops train, and the son is marching badly, and finally she says, 'Look at an all-they're all out of step!' And the truth of the matter, to me, is that the world is all out of step. From the seat of this occasion, I thought the whole thing was infectious, that they're all ages. I haven't done anything I mean, it's inevitable that the truth will come out."

And so I find Woody Allen trapped in Hell, where the food is fine, the scenery fertile, and the air-conditioning plentiful. In an small measure, he is relieved that death was not a prerequisite for his taking up residence here and that ordering new stationery was never necessary. "OMG, I hate change," he confesses, shuddering. Slightly. A creature of habit, he has not stopped riding with the cat and consuming his regular breakfast of prose. "I love it!" and Cherise topped with roses and bananas. ("I'm such a dull eater," he laments.) Indeed, after two years in Hell—during which time he has made three films and written a fourth, plus finished a short play—he looks rounder, firmer, and pink. It is red hair has not grayed but neatly fallen out, slowly and according to schedule and only at the crown. Soon, he will be 40 years, a juncture whereupon troubles and sorrows have begun to coexist and life is life on surprise, even terrible things. What has happened has been terrible, of course, coming from a future in legal form and, much worse, repugnant his right to be a father, a role he finds more rewarding than being Alan's permanent creative genius.

Hence, then, as a man flummoxed, persecuted for something he did as well as for something he did not do and now ready to pay the price for both. Finally, he has created for himself the perfect seasonal nightmare, but unfortunately

done it in real life, where people are less reasonable and frequently change by the hour. "The real world," he laments, "is a place I've never felt comfortable in." And that is exactly where his troubles began.

Once, eleven years ago, Woody Allen fell in love with the actress Mia Farrow, co-wife of Frank Sinatra and André Previn. Celebrity love being what it is, it was quickly married. For the next thirteen years—the span of their involvement—she would appear in his next duration film. During this period, she would continue adding to her brood of children, finally amounting thirteen, many of them adopted from the streets of Highland rooms. Always the couple lived separately, directly across Central Park from each other, a detail that charmed those who idealized them. Thus, he was alone and she was swarmed and neither minded this terribly and eventually neither minded it at all.

They never married, but, in 1970, produced a son, Satchel, and thereafter functioned together as parents, although never again as lovers. Woody followed further affections on two particular Farrow adoptees: a teenage boy with cerebral palsy, Moses, and a girl, Dylan, who arrived shortly after her birth in 1976. Helegally became their father in December 1977, with Mia's blessing. By then, it had long been his ritual to awaken at 5:30 each morning in his own apartment and cross the park to be present when the children rose. Strikingly, at night, he would rush over from film sets to tuck them in. Besides his own three children, however, he kept his connection with all six in the Farrow household, the chief exception being Mia, with whom he regularly worked and dined.

Another exception would emerge, though, and this was the second-born Farrow adoptee, Scott-F. Previn (thus he adopted Scott-F. when Scott was seven, Allen came into the picture two years later.) By the end of age, at age twenty-one, Scott-F. had created into a secret arrangement with Allen. Thirteen days into 1993, Mia discovered what. Parsons of Scott-F. on Woody's easelplace, whereupon the portals of Hell opened. With enveloped him. Then months of watch followed, during which he persisted in his parental duties, under idealized watch, until the August day when Mia accused him of molesting Dylan in the site of Farrow's Carmine-century house when no one was looking.

An accused child-molester who audaciously wends across wherever possible. (To light-year, I wouldn't go into an act," he said, he saw transparent desperation in the design and in the transparent words about, publicly and in much. Also he confirmed his love for Scott-F. to the world. "The heart wants what it wants," he said, most reasonably in Time Magazine, he claimed. Mia said, "You took my daughter, and now I'm taking yours." Woody openly questioned Mia's stability and need for custody of his children but was denied, although the allegations of molestation were



Changing the children's names "was the stupid thing in the world. If Mia tries to do it legally, I think I could fight it."

"Mia is a good actress and a great-looking woman, but not a good mother."

"I've had to do and say a lot of things that I don't necessarily believe, because my children are under her influence."

judged unfounded. Nevertheless, for two years now he has been permitted to see Satchel only on basis per week, under court supervision, has not seen Moses or Dylan at all, and sees Mia only in court, where he cannot find empathy or justice. Furthermore, in an effort to reverse life, Mia has decided that Dylan should have her name changed to Satchel should be known as Satchel—although for several months he also answered to Harmon, until he read of a Woody Allen, meanwhile, answers to no one.

TO KEEP SHORT, he has indicated his apartment. He is, of course, an accomplished architect, and those who know him best have long marveled at his flair for exterior design. He is a man who enjoys order and knows where everything goes. During the last year, he has had walls knocked down, space opened up, solid antique banister in, and cozy nookies draped about. The first of his posthouse duplex is one of country comfort—all calm and considered and incongruous with who dwells there. "This is as much of the country that I can tolerate," he confesses the day I first moved calling. He is alone, as is customary, dressed in khaki and a white polo shirt. I bring him a bookshelf and he brings me a beverage, and we face each other on plump sofas below his mural (just nearly) in the living room, where he must likes to plot his work and ponder life's vagaries (He likes to write articles, for down on his bed, with pencil and legal pad.) Photographs of his children line the walls, representing both loss and hope, and he reveals their names early in conversation, although not their newly conceived names, which he finds absurd. "I thought this was the stupid thing in the world," he says, grinning. "At least the names aren't legal, because if Mia tries to do it legally, I think I could fight it."

Bill has weighed his guilty. Nowadays he loves to fight, having fought for two years and gotten used to the schedule. As a father denied, he has found unexpected breadth that is sometimes a thrill to behold. One year ago, for instance, on the day a Connecticut court dismissed child-abuse charges against him, he concluded a press conference with this message to Dylan: "I love you and I miss

you, and don't worry, the dark forest will not prevail. My second-rate police and publicity hungry prosecutors, not judicial watchdogs, not judicial press not those who perpetrate themselves into all rights to judgment, are the power at hypocrite or the lighted. I am so tough for all of them put together, and I will never abandon you."

His pluck is capped only by his unreeling, which I witness in repeated waves punctuated with both palms slapped to his cheeks, in the manner of Jack Benny, only more bear. "From where I was sitting," he says, "it's all been absurd. You know, if for a moment you remove the element of the court presiding, not from seeing my children, the whole thing becomes almost completely comic. I was just so crazy. I mean, one day I say goodbye to Dylan, Satchel, and Moses. Dylan says to me, 'Daddy, don't forget, when you come back on Sunday, bring me your cat and this one.' She had stuffed off things in a toy cart, which, I will have—a cat and a cat collar. And I say, 'Okay, see you Sunday!' and I go. And that was the last I ever saw of her. I mean, Two always had a spectacular relationship with Dylan, as testified in court by her schoolteachers, her nurses, her doctor. There was never any strain between us after things ended with Mia, never anything but hugs, kisses, and affection."

That said, if he has left room for misinterpretation, he cannot fathom where. Like a bloodhound possessed, he has occupied countless dark moments reviewing his steps. "It wasn't even till I checked her under the chair or added her anywhere," he says, emphatic. "The know I played with her, people were there. Then I go home and get a call saying Mia has accused me of molesting her. And I think, Well, this is laughable. This is a new line in (my) I figured these days later or there'll be an apology or something. It isn't, it was hilarious, because within months a multimillion-dollar industry was built on it—I was an magazine covers all over the world, lawyers and detectives and doctors and experts were hired. I mean, you can't believe what happened. And the most hilarious part is that nothing whatsoever happened at all. A trial case, a total case—you know, no event. But the thing was remains all over the world."

Often, he cites the conclusions of the Yale-New Haven Hospital Child Abuse Detection Clinic, an assessment that his investigation more than fifteen hundred such cases. According to Yale Dylan's allegations, which had been videotaped, "she made up by an extremely intelligent child who was caught up in (my) I figured these days later or there'll be the stress in the family," moreover, she was quite possibly "coached or influenced [by me] by her mother." Nevertheless, his visitation privileges with Dylan remain suspended indefinitely.

"The day that report came down," he says, "I should have been instantly allowed to see my daughter again. I felt we had an overwhelming case—not even a close case but we were not able to dispute the image of Mia as this wonderful mother. You know, she is a good actress and a great-looking woman, but not a good mother. People just irresponsible by her adopt children and as one says, 'Hey, can you really take care of so many children?' I mean, you can't. I've had to do and say a lot of things over the last couple of years that were very tough, things that I don't necessarily believe, because my children are under her influence. It's a difficult situation to deal with, and you have to go very, very slowly just as it was frustrating when the hostages were held in Iran. You know, you can't rush in."

Below our drawing: "An artist creates his own moral universe."





"When we're together, Sachiel sees that I'm not a monster. I know all about monsters."

"People think I was married to Mia and I'm sleeping with my daughter. It's just incredible."



"I did make a mistake, an error in judgment. But I think the response to it has been absolutely degrading and criminal."

LATELY, HE HAS COME TO KNOW much about space aliens. He can easily identify various extraterrestrial villains and understands the specific odd risks each entails. His tale has taught him well. This is what they do when they are together, which is to say they goof off significantly. "When we're together, he sees that I'm not a monster," says Allen, who adds, laughing, "I know all about monsters."

Sachiel Farrow's name in his father's home is called the Monster Room. I ask to see it, and so Woody tries down a long corridor to light the room properly. "Come right up," he says opening the door and nudging me. I am greeted by two right-footed grotesque apaches of Allen and Farrowhead in rhesuslike poses. A massive rubber spider like size of a Buck, as the saying goes, sprawls across the bed. Shelves brim with assorted *Polser* videos and plastic figures of unbitey, post-swinging dinosaurs, none of them assembled by father and son. "Ohhh," says Allen wondrously, "something changes in the case of my life. I'm too recently laid to follow instruments." (Farrow likes to recall the notorious incident of Woody and Sachiel eating cake batter and adding the frosting before baking.) We bend over your box, and he pulls out creature after creature. "This is the Queen Bee Hagger, that is Dardie, this is Carnage." He points to snapshots pinned to cardboard of himself with the blond, thereby boy who delights in sad horrors. "This is him," says Woody sweetly. "He's a cute kid. Fortunately, he takes after the Farrow family, 'cause they have the good genes."

What they do together: they must do it weekly super-villain anthems: "It's silly and giggling and destructively small amounts of time for him," says Allen. His women runners, Mia has moved her flock to Connecticut full-time, abducting her Central Park What dogs voraciously, thus inflicting many comatose headaches. Since there is no leeway in time allotment (minutes of overtime are always subtracted from the next visit) Sachiel cannot sleep at his Monster Room, nor can he bring home any of his treasures. (Also, he cannot see Scott-S, who remains ex-

posed him against the family? I only say to him the most supportive things about Mia. He's the one who goes forward."

From the canon (Sheldon and Jay)

DOBBY THE RIGHTTUTTE I know what's on your mind. Let's go up to the bedroom. **MAX KLEINMAN [judgmental]** I've never paid for sex. **DOBBY** You just thank you haven't.

A MAN MUST TAKE SOME responsibility for his lot if he hopes to earn respect, and that is what Woody Allen waffles pretentiously. He is most beloved as a victim of fate, of others, of life. He looks good losing Helplessness becomes him. It is a difficult premise to discuss, especially since it made him rich and famous and powerful, but he has made attempts. From court transcripts: "I'm not saying my selection of Scott-S was a brilliant selection or a wise selection. I did know with his feelings that this was wrong. And so the relationship began. I hope it means it's my responsibility. I did make a mistake, an error in judgment here. I do think that, but I think the response to it has been absolutely degrading and criminal."

Then, as always, comes the rationale: also from transcripts: "I was never for one scintilla of a second a father to her in any remote way. She was an older person—much older than the kids. I did not perceive of this as a sister relationship between the kids. I'm not saying I'm right, [but] I did not perceive this as a traditional family." Moreover, in our own conversations, he often reminds me that in thirteen years he never once slept in the Farrow apartment, that he and Mia always kept separate bedrooms in Connecticut or when traveling, that they were friendly maternal parents of their children and neither more. "People have no idea," he says, exasperated. "They think that I was married to Mia and Scott-S was my daughter and I'm sleeping with my daughter. It's just incredible."

There is a reform in his very funny new film, *Schizoid* Broadway that goes as follows: "An attic creates his own great universe. You gotta do what you gotta do." Elsewhere in the film is the line, "The heart obeys its own rules." Also,

there is much gabfap (We use an acronym for being bad). He has long professed that autobiography bleeds into his work. Still, he tells me, "It's hard for me ever to experience anything that I don't think of as just for the writer's mill."

Love is never intended in his films, nor has it been in his life, more especially. Now he knows Scott-S. Proven and is seen with her at Knicks games, in restaurants, on walks. She does not live with him, or even he must live only with himself (except when Diane Keaton comes to town and needs a place to stay). Scott-S just turned twenty-four and is a senior at Drew University in New Jersey; she has her own Upper East Side apartment in addition to a campus dorm room. "She looks lovely away and can study endlessly, weekends at a time," says Woody graciously. "Her mother used to say she was wonderful, which is ahead. And I said to people, 'Use your head—am I gonna go out with a girl who is mentally deficient?' I mean, she's made the dean's list every year. She's a wonderful person, you know, completely open and honest, direct and unswayed. In the first seven years of her life, she was eating out of garbage pails living in the streets. Then she was adopted into a very unhappy situation for her but she's got—up and funny and has a wonderful sense of humor."

One day I ask him how he knows when he's in love. "The same way you're always known," he carefully replies. "It's who you are. I feel the same way now as I did years ago. You get a positive feeling about someone. I mean, I was never one of those guys that would go out on a date and then dance home on the rim with an umbrella. That's a funny—leap in the air and click your heels together to one side. No, that's only at the movies. People think from my movies that I'm cynical about love, but I'm not. I would say that I'm romantic."

IF IT IS MONDAY, he will make jazz. For more than two decades, he has done so, always on Monday night, at Michael's Pub on Fifty-fifth Street, and it is such a well-known fact that it is widely forgotten. (Remember member here.)

Amid scandal, he played, in aftermath, he plays. He wears spunky sunglasses, only blows clarinet, which he does very well but not as well as he would like. He truly is a terrific musician," he says on the Monday I come to watch his band. His father, Martin Klagsberg, who is seventy-four, silver-haired, and slippish, is also present. Scott-S, he reports, is not mixing into with friends. "She called me today and asked, 'How long has it been since I had meat?'" he says, smiling. He has slipped into the room alone and sat down at our table, where he regards his father for a moment. "My father keeps his lower teeth straight," he notes. "He likes to come every week. My mother comes occasionally—not a lot, but she came down to party. He's a little crazy and he can't leave, so don't worry. But with a full set of teeth, he looks great."

On dinner, Woody Allen is a merry fellow. He hops and he

twonks, neither of which he does a lot of offense. Also he walks playfully, especially in his solo during "What a Friend I Have in Jesus." After the final puppy number, he suddenly paces up and down and runs, although not before a nervous man asks, "Woody, would you play a key feature?" For an instant, he appears to consider the request, until hearing it would mean a trip to New Jersey. Outside, his Mercedes will drive away to dispatch both him and his father to their respective dorms. I ride along and watch him pursue mad music from audience members. "Actually," he says, "that's not a much note. I don't get propositions so much as I get very strong sympathetic encouragement." We pull up at his parents' building, and Woody addresses his father loudly so as to be audible. "Okay—can you go upstairs? Do you know upstairs you're not?" Whereupon a doorman comes out to remove Mr. Klagsberg, who tells his son, "Stay well. See you next Monday." He then returns off jauntily. Woody watches him go and marvels at his voice. "He's very loud, you know. He goes up and changes his clothes several times a day."

FOR PERSPECTIVE, I probe his state of consciousness, not, over days, uncover these find. He wonders why O. J. Simpson did not immediately proclaim his innocence. He worries that Frank Sinatra might have Alzheimer's. He has never met any of the New York Knicks, all of whom he worships. "It's nothing that I particularly want to do," he says. Suddenly, and intensely, he finds that he has more female friends than male friends. He has never seen an Arnold Schwarzenegger film. Nor has he seen any of his own films, after making them. He subscribes to *National Geographic*. He approved of Michael Jordan's retirement. "I thought it had a beautiful cleanliness to it, you know?" he says. "I'm hoping that he doesn't come back." Madonna impresses him. "She's a funny personality, on the way Mar Whot was. There's wit in her approach." He has never heard her music. He channel-surfs, mostly for sports, and is amazed by public access programming. "Unbelievable! If you had told me when I was growing up that my mother and father could sit at home and watch two guys undressed, tied up, and chained to a wall, doing things to each other, an equal volume." He is interested that Fox is planning a miniseries about the life of his father.

"It's funny that someone will be playing me," he says. "I must call Tom Cruise and ask him that there's a job opening." He does, however, respect the craft of TV movies, now that he has made one of his own, David David the World starring himself and Michael J. Fox, to air in October on ABC. He knows about *Shogun* and the *Lawrence* talk-show won't come from what he's read. He missed Johnny Carson's retirement. "I go to sleep early," he says. Although he often substituted for Carson when "The Tonight Show" originated in New York, he says, "It never even occurred on

But think: Do you recognize the man with Scott-T?





Play it again, Woody: Don't Drink the Water, 1994

me to host a talk show? Moreover, he found hosting pleasant. "For me, it was a breeze, and I got very, very good press on it." He has seen no more than an occasional few marauders of David Letterman. "As I'm brushing my teeth, I'll turn on the television, and if channel two happens to be on, I certainly don't turn him off or anything," he says. "From what I've seen, he seems likable, amusing." He thinks Alvy Singer, were he not fictional, would today be a Letterman producer and also Annie Hall's husband. When he looks into a mirror, he sees his parents, especially at night. He falls asleep less than one minute after turning out the light. "Once I get into my spot, which, I'm out," he says. His only recurring dream? "There's a door and there's something unpleasant behind it, and I don't want it to come in."

From the canon (Law and David)

ALVY SINGER: I've a very pessimistic view of life... I feel that life is divided up into the horrible and the miserable. The horrible would be like, ah, I don't know, natural cause, you know, and blind people, crippled... And the miserable is everyone else. That's all I do, when you go through life, you should be grateful that you're miserable.

I'M COVERING MY EYES," he says, covering his eyes. "I don't want to get bit on the eye." Wandering his neighborhood, we have stumbled upon sidewalk construction, and workmen with pickhammers now pursue the pavement before us. Woody uses his fist to shield himself from flying gravel. Unfazed to be struck, he scurries to safety and I cannot help but admire his instincts for self-preservation. Never is he not content, especially when faced with these folkishly harned fell, he would not make the roar of pickhammers for anything. "I love it," he confesses with glee. "I mean that sound if I don't hear it, I used to try to go to sleep in Connecticut and I'd hear silence, an occasional cricket, and a bullfrog. It was awful. I like pickhammers and stumps." Even on this hot and foul Manhattan morning, he can find romance in his city—probably because he must soon leave it. Within days, he departs on a European holiday, and before that, he will spend the next two afternoons driving to Connecticut to visit his son, three hours at a time. "I wind up driving four hours to see him for three," he says unapologetically. And because he is unswerving on Farrow property, he must now submit his, looking for stimulation where he can create none exists. This afternoon, he and David will see The Mark, which is

playing outside Embassy ("It was a godsend," he tells me later). Tomorrow they will end up at the mall, buying shoes, eating ice cream, killing time. In this fashion, he continues to waste off his sentence.

There is, I have sensed, a newfound wisdom about him, and I tell him so. He brightens. "People think that I'm a hypochondriac, but I'm not," he says. "They fail to see the difference between a hypochondriac and an alienist. I'm an alienist. I never imagine I have an ailment when I don't have one. On the other hand, if I've got a burglar, I think it's a brain tumor. I always cut to the worst possible conclusion. Unfortunately, the level of my panic is funny only in retrospect." Nevertheless, by preparing himself for doom, he is somehow able to stave it off. "For instance," he says, "I'm about to go to Europe, so I'm having my usual voyaging anxiety. I can have a nice time only if I pack all my various medications. I never need them, I just pack them. And every day of my life, I carry around this pillow." From his pants pocket, he pulls out a tiny silver cushion and spins it for inspection. "See, there's two Letterman, a Compagnie, a Libretto, two Encores, a Dornayenne, and a Zerkow. That's all I need! But I never take 'em. I'm not a pill person. I just like to know it's there, you know?"

From the canon (Law and David)

BOBBI GRUBENBERG: How I got into this predicament, I'll never know. Absolutely incredible. To be executed for a crime I never committed. Of course, isn't all mankind in the same boat? Isn't all mankind ultimately executed for a crime it never committed? The difference is that all men go eventually... but I go to go sometime tomorrow.

ONCE HE HAS LEFT the country, I feel it is safe to bring up death. It is a subject that vexes him after no other, with the possible exception of court costs. "I don't want to achieve immortality through my work," he once said. "I want to achieve it through not dying." Still, each day he grows closer to the inevitable, and a man can only muster so much denial. So I phone him in London, where he is promoting Buller and Broadway and taking from Fleet Street papers. "We hit a slightly bad break at our hotel yesterday," he informs me. "Arnold Schwarzenegger and Janet Lee Corbin checked in because their movie opened last night, so there are swarms of photographers." Undeterred, however, and equipped with his hat, he has made his rounds and managed to find a Forbidden Planet store, where he acquired a cross of new alien model kits for Star Trek. "So now," he says, "I'm traveling through Europe with these big boxes of Face Huggers, Queen Face Huggers, and Chest Busters."

Reeling morbidly, I put it to him: I ask him how he imagines he will die. He does not shake the question. "I envision myself dying in my bed," he says slowly, "when I'm very old... looking out my window at New York... surrounded by loved ones, by my children... and just quietly expiring... at six, one day, again at a very, very advanced age... you know, like my father's age... just slipping away in my sleep. I think sleep would be best. That's the nicest thing you could wish for a person. You know, it's been said that I'm cynical about life. But if you think about it, what else can you be in a world where the kindest thing you can say to someone is, 'I hope you die in your sleep?' Whenever he laughs a little, which indicates progress. ■

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Monsters of the Heart

By Jimmy Breslin

I LIKE JEALOUSY. It isn't a weak, possessive emotion like grief or compassion. Jealousy is a police-station emotion. It comes with hatchets and guns and ropes.

Jealousy has nothing to do with love. Jealousy is as common as it is nasty. Love is rare. If you love somebody, you think of them first. That takes care of my argument.

When a woman turns her back on a man or when a man sneaks out on a woman, there are two possible acceptable responses:

(1) I feel a little sorry for myself, but good luck to them. I hope that they are very happy and live together forever.
(2) I go to church to pray that they die a horrible, accidental death and that it takes a long time.

I will never do an hour in jail because of jealousy. I know when I'm not wanted, and I wouldn't go across the street to chase after a woman. I guess that is because I am a realist and know in my heart that I am so worthless that it is

only natural that I am not wanted. It's a matter of taste and judgment and grace. Which are all good things, and you ought to be grateful if you have them, because if you don't, it is not heart you thought every day of your life.

But some people have powerful instincts about justice, and upon their being scolded and hurt, jealousy comes howling out of a chamber deep inside them and suddenly there is punishment. Jealousy is as ancient as lightning and has propelled so many mad acts that it is overwhelming, nearly our greatest emotion. Unlike love, jealousy never grows old.

"What did you do?" a neighbor yelled at Koray Bedarsinski, age twenty, as he stood in his apartment with a bloody

knife. It was Thanksgiving in New York, 1993.
"She was going to run away with the man across the street," Koray said.

"Where is she now?"
"In there." He pointed toward the balcony, where his wife, Stephanie, lay lifeless, was wet and dead. The neighbor gasped.

When the police came, Koray told them, "I will show you the man she was going to run away from and work."

"Four wife used a welfare," a detective pointed out.
"She was going to run away," Koray said.
Since I went to work on a newspaper at age sixteen, my reference library has been a police blotter. I have written I don't know how many stories under the oldest newspaper headline: JEALOUSY IS BLAME WIFE. Or, the second most common headline: JEALOUSY KILLS BLAME WIFE. Never in my time have I reported a story under the headline MAN LOVINGLY KILLS WOMAN TO PEACE.

Shakespeare wrote about killing for jealousy and dying for love. His work is four hundred years old and still no body has been able to find a story to match it. We repeat or steal from him.

And this brings us to O. J. Simpson and the murders of his ex-wife Nicole and a man named Ronald Goldman. I don't know if he did it or not, and neither do you. But the police and district attorney in Los Angeles say he was enraged because his wife left him, and then he killed her. Nobody should ever be murdered. But if somebody's

going to be murdered, then it should be done out of jealousy. Jealousy is far above the other fifty reasons people kill. I don't see murder for something low-class like insurance money.

O IS A FINE NIGHT in New York. Reginald Harris, thirty-three, sat in an interview room out of sight up in the 115th Precinct. The room was filled with the sound of planes taking off from the Kennedy Airport runways, which were right outside the window.

"Why do they call you Flowers?" somebody asked Harris.

He had just been arrested for snubbing to death his girlfriend and a man who appeared to have wandered around to smother a black cock with them.

"I take care of the garden by my mother's house," Harris said. "Then when I was away, they always had me do gardening."

"We were in prison for fourteen years and now you're only thirty-three," somebody said.

"Alr-huh."

"After all you been through, how could you stab two people to death, knowing you'd go to prison for all life in the jail?"

"My girl. I got scared over her taking away my girl."

Yes, he did. Reginald Harris was leaving over to kiss his girl, and the other guy said that he wanted to kiss Harris' girl. There was a scream, a crack, Harris' head and he took out a knife and stuck it into the other guy.

"I just kept going, you know?"

"Yes, you did," [B] Clark, a detective, said.
Harris got eighty stab holes into the man, and then he stabbed the woman eighteen times. Both dead. Now Harris, a snowing career in a dirty T-shirt who had gone berserk over a girl, sat in the night with the planes to Los Angeles roaring over the redneck airport house.

In the morning, in Los Angeles, O. J. Simpson, rich, famous man, was up there somewhere, in one of these high, lightbulb, waddy-yellow buildings of the country man's jail. He had a toilet next to his pillow and beyond the toilet was the wall and that is all there is to it. That is what jail is about, a basic minimum in a bathroom. The jailhouse is on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in downtown Los Angeles. It is only half finished, and there are dishes and construction equipment all over the place.

Out in the prison parking lot, there are overnight women in T-shirts, children in their arms, hands reaching down for other children to keep them from running off. Cigarettes dangling from old mouths, soft drinks in plastic bottles. One woman is telling her kids, "We're going to see Daddy in the hospital."

O. J. is supposed to be living behind a high wall in a house on an estate in the brand-new section of Los Angeles. Or in the Brand Plaza on East Hollywood Street in Manhattan, with a limousine waiting in the circular driveway while he is upstairs telling his wife that he has to run to a business meeting. Down he comes on a padded elevator. The concierge in the lobby bows and beams. The doorman holds the door. In the driveway, the chauffeur stands at attention as he opens the door, and from inside comes the smile of a young and beautiful woman.

Jealousy is the reason O. J. Simpson and Reginald Harris are living in the same place.

Here is a guy who went through life treated like a precious stone. In high school in San Francisco, they had the famous Willie Mays come to his house to tell him to behave when he was snapping. He was a college kid, just a freeling kid who could run with a football, maybe run better than anyone in pants and shoes, but still no more than that, a kid with fast legs. They brought him into Manhattan, to the Downtown Athletic Club, on the river, in the financial district, and all these businessmen and shipping executives and sportsmen got up and cheered for their lives as Simpson was awarded the Heisman Trophy, which is a fabulous sports award, a big, dark statue that I can describe no further because I was too busy looking at these fools, these grown businessmen, mouths open, seeming to be strangled by the brilliance of what some college kid with fast legs and a slow mouth was saying.

But he was an American celebrity and celestians are a separate people. They put him on television and the fact that he couldn't talk well made no difference. He could not act and they gave him money just because he then believed he could talk and act. He went around with these little geometric television sports producers who were so excited to work with him and who kept saying that O. J. was a high hormonal guy, far more energetic, gay, far more energetic, gay, far more energetic, gay. He did have women wherever he went. They were young and beautiful. They could

They're treating this one like the crime of the century, but ask Shakespeare, ask anybody who lives in the Bronx—killing for jealousy and dying for love is the oldest, sickest, nastiest story in the book.



All the rage: Othello syndrome blossoms.

be found with a tray on an airplane or carrying money and smoking cigars at a restaurant. There seemed to be no big money women out there for him, no women with money names or their names in lights. If there was a man and a woman, he went with the woman.

Then, for what looks like the first time in his life, a woman tells him no, and you figure it out. He was accused for the murder of his ex-wife, who had been a waitress when they met, and a young man who worked as a waiter.

SIMPSON'S LAWYER Bob Shapiro was asking one morning, "Why do you think that is such an enormous case?"

"Ohhells," somebody said.

Othello was a black man who went insane over a white woman in the 1920s in Shakespeare. But he only stands in literature for all the millions who have exploded with jealousy through the ages.

If the victims in Simpson's case had been black, he might be out on bail. But Nicole Simpson was a beautiful blond, so Simpson is buried in a jailhouse, and people are so excited that they can't sit still watching him in court on television. Of course, if they don't get over their cheap little malice, they'll miss the whole idea of the case—that it is only one chapter in the history of violence caused by sex.

They are making this murder out to be the single, single, single biggest crime in the history of the country, but as I keep telling you, all you have to do is sit in the Paramount King Restaurant on Olympic Boulevard, from whence I come, and look out the windows and see that Pugsch and Linda Ross Pugsch are walking along, and you'll be looking at an even more shocking story about jealous rage.

Once, Bart Pugsch was a good commercial lawyer in love with Linda Ross, who was a beautiful young woman. He also was supposed to be in love with a wife at home.

One day Linda Ross a decent young girl who truly seemed to love her. He asked her if she would marry him, and to prove his intentions he produced a ring that cost him money to get.

That was a lot more than Bart Pugsch came up with. Then she told Bart Pugsch that she was going to marry this other fellow.

The made of Bart Pugsch's head became a white fire that burned but did not consume. It sent agony throughout his body.

"She walked out on me!" Pugsch went into the Fox Street neighborhood, which is a decent Midway, and he gave money to three men to beat Linda Ross.

"Disfigure her! Make her blind! Let her marry a guy she won't even be able to see!"

One day later, the three guys found Linda in the Bronx and threw her into her last and blindest her.

"Bart did it," she screamed to detectives.

Who had no trouble arresting Pugsch and getting him convicted.

He went away for fourteen years. Every year Pugsch would make a motion to be released. And every year Linda Ross would walk into the office of the Bronx district attorney and say:

"Bart Pugsch must die in jail." And then she'd go away for another year.

At last, Pugsch got out of prison. And he came home to



O. J. and Nicole in 1984

Olympic Boulevard and the first person he saw was Linda Ross. Who took his arm and in his hand gave her down the crowded street.

At that first touch, Bart Pugsch forgot fourteen years in America prison. He became young again and in love with Linda Ross.

"You can see my Bart isn't jealous anymore," Linda Ross said. "He cares about me instead of himself."

They were married and they still are.

"I'm trying to get back with Nicole," O. J. told Kato. "It won't look good if you're living in the same house with her. I trust you. But it looks bad."

THE COURT HEARING BEGAN BRISKLY AT 9:00 on this morning for the famous football player. At first, the woman in the room looked like she was the football player. She was a deputy sheriff in Los Angeles County courtroom downtown, and she was just as big as a house. She walked into the room carrying one of these plastic bottles of water that they walk around with at the health club.

The woman shall went to a desk that is behind a plastic cubicle right outside the door to the press. She unlocked the metal desk and took out a gun that looked like it belonged on a workshop for drilling from offshore. She stopped the gun on.

The door from the downtown post opened and here came an old sheriff and then right after him O. J. Simpson. He had on a dark blue suit and an earnest look across a head that is as big as a parking lot. When he first came to the Buffalo Bill's football team, they didn't have a helmet that would fit on his head and the trainer had to send to the University of Southern California for O. J.'s helmet. USC sent it along, red and gold, and the Bills passed it when with a blue stripe.

He was a famous man, and right behind him now there was a fat lady who would blow his big head right off his shoulders if she made a false move.

On the witness stand was Kato Kaelin. He was pleasant, but when he looked at O. J. he seemed the least bit confused by the sheriff, including my woman with the water, who were around him.

Kato Kaelin holds the North American record for guns, single, no rent, no sex. First he lived in a garagehouse right behind Nicole Simpson's house. Then she moved to a condominium with no garagehouse, but it had a back bedroom, which she said he could use.

Right away, O. J. and that if Kato needed a place, he could stay for free in the garagehouse behind O. J.'s big house on North Rockingham Drive in Brentwood.

Now, in court, the prosecutor, Marcia Clark, asked him, "Did O. J. not want you to move in with her?"

Kaelin said, yes, that O. J. had said that he and Nicole were getting together again. O. J. Simpson said to Kato, "I'm trying to get back with Nicole. It won't look good if you're living in the same house with her. I trust you. But it just looks bad. She's the mother of my children."

So Kato told Nicole that he was moving into O. J.'s house. Nicole got mad and told Kato that because he was allowing himself to be dominated by O. J., he was no friend of hers.

Kato testified that on this Sunday, O. J. went to play golf at the Riviera Country Club. When he returned home, he told Kato, offhand, that he and Nicole were over. He then left for his daughter Sydney's dance recital. After the recital was the famous dinner party at the Manhattan restaurant on San Vicente Boulevard, to which O. J. happened not to be invited.

Right then and there, he should have caught a plane to Chicago, because no matter what actually did happen, the first one the police were going to look for was her ex-husband.

The record of jealous people getting thrown out of restaurants happens to be that bad, at a pause in court, the brown wood walls of the courtroom are gone and I am back in the Bronx, in New York.

I AM LIKE THE POLICE," Julio Gonzalez says. "I come unannounced."

He has a scraggly beard and his thin face is washed up around the cheeks as a mark of his living between by soldiers in Cuba.

When Lydia Policano does not answer, he says, "I love you."

She says, "My dear, I don't need you. I have lovers."

It is midnight and this place, the Happy Land Social Club in the Bronx, is packed. Lydia Policano, with dark hair and a bit of extra weight, is in the backroom on the first floor, just to the staircase goes up to where all the people are. She is charging people five dollars to get in, and suddenly she looks up and here is her former boyfriend, Julio Gonzalez.

"Why don't you lover?" she said to him.

He smiled.

Now she said to Mrs. Cohen, the wife of the owner, "I don't know what is in your mind with today's men. They don't want to accept reality."

She called over Melvin, the bouncer, and asked him to go Gonzalez out of there.

Melvin did what she asked, then came back. "He wants to say something to you?"

Gonzalez said to her, "Did you tell Melvin that I am bothering you?"

"No."

"You're going to see. Tomorrow you're not going to work here again."

She said indignantly, "Don't tell me where I work. Only my boss can do that."

"You'll see," Gonzalez said. "I know you have a boyfriend."

Then the doorman and the bouncer threw Gonzalez out. Gonzalez went to the gas station on Southern Boulevard and bought a dollar's worth of gas in a plastic air-fueler container. He told the attendant that his car had broken down. It was the first gas sale the attendant had ever made. Gonzalez brought it back to the Happy Land. He spilled the gas inside the front door and then it is with two matches.

Somewhere, Lydia lived.

There were eighty-seven others who died in the place inside of five minutes, the worst single act of murder in the history of America, all because of jealousy.

Lydia told the first homicide detective she saw about Gonzalez. The detective went around to Gonzalez's house. He said he wanted to take Gonzalez to the precinct for questioning. Gonzalez put on shoes that reeked of gasoline. In the car the fumes were thick. Gonzalez went into his ashtray for a cigarette. He asked the detective for a match.

"Wait just a little while," the detective said.

A few nights later, one of the dead people, all members of one family from Horsham were laid out in the Williams Funeral Home on Broadway in the old Irish section of the Bronx. The partitions had been removed and there were no chairs. It was one large area of grief, each casket was surrounded by groups of weeping people. I stepped away from one casket and leaned against the wall. Then I realized that it wasn't a wall. At my elbow was a beautiful young woman with curly blonde hair in her dead fingers.

I stood in the sudden sweet smell of flowers and undertaker's makeup and tried to understand something that one "no" from a woman's lips is more dangerous than an earthquake. And people who cannot handle the slightest of cathartics can get going and never stop until there is chaos wherever you look.

NOW RAYD IS TELLING THE COURT that she did not like that Sunday night from the start. First he went with Simpson in a Rolls-Royce to the McDonald's on Santa Monica Boulevard, but Simpson was strange and the ride was strange and the night was strange. They came back at 9:45, and Kato went right to his garagehouse and started making phone calls to girls. Simpson after it was 10:00, there were three thumps on the rear wall of his house. The garagehouse has a narrow space between that wall and the two less than runs along the back of Simpson's property.

Robert says they found the bloody glove between the fence and the garagehouse.

Kato asked the girl on the phone if there had been an earthquake. He told her he was scared. He got a flashlight.

and looked outside. Then he became even more frightened and retreated from the distance.

The most astonishing news this day was the release of grand jury testimony by Rick Zdzienicki, who is another one of those restaurant guys whom Nicole killed. There, he testified, O J had walked into a restaurant and glared at him and Nicole.

"I am O J. Simpson and she is still my wife," he said as he glared.

THAT'S MY WIFE for you," Eddie Gregory said. "She got a divorce, Eddie," Aunt Edna said.

"I never saw any paper saying that," Eddie said. "You ask me, she's still my wife."
"She got a divorce in Georgia, she got married again, for god's sake. Eddie, why don't you try something else."

Eddie Gregory is slowly pacing back and forth. Outside, a March sun beats on the old street, Myrtle Avenue in Queens. It is sitting in Gibby's Ridge Dale Bar, and Eddie Gregory has his four-year-old daughter here with him. She is running around, but that can't go on for long. Once they get over the pizza, both kids and adults do not mix.

"Eddie, what are you going to do with her?" the woman behind the bar, Aunt Edna, said. Her husband, Gibby, owned the place.

"I have her for the day. They can't take care of her. I can. That's my wife for you."

"She's not your wife," Aunt Edna said again.

Eddie walked the bar. He wore from the entrance to the back room where Gibby came to eat rodents and crap games and the police busted him so he turned to vending machines. Gibby, who weighed 355 pounds, ate so much mashed potatoes out of the pot that the last half-dozen chicken dinners had no potatoes and the people yelled and Gibby got mad at them and that was the end of the wedding reception in the Ridge Dale saloon.

Now Eddie Gregory has his little girl inside the bar, and although the girl knew Aunt Edna, and in fact she knew everybody in the place, this was no place for her, and finally Aunt Edna held out a hand and took the girl upstairs with her.

Now Eddie began to pace the floor some more. "Eddie, you are driving yourself crazy," Edna Thomas said. "There's a drink."

Eddie had a drink. He put the glass down and resumed pacing.

"She don't own him a divorce. I never saw any papers that said that," he said again.

Eddie Gregory left. He went to the housing-potter's on one to Brownsville, Brooklyn, and broke into the locker and grabbed a gun.

He put the gun in his pocket and came back to the bar and peeked up his daughter. "Eddie, where are you taking her?" Aunt Edna said.

"I'm taking her home to my wife."

He took his daughter to a neighborhood called Middle Village, where his former wife, Virginia, thirty-four, lived with her new husband, Thomas Quinn, forty-five. This Quinn had moved into the house after Eddie Gregory had gone out night after night as continuity to some, provided they are morose.

Eddie Gregory left his four-year-old daughter playing outside the house with the neighbor's children. He went inside the house.

They heard shouts all over the block and then two shots.

Eddie Gregory walked out of the house. He left his kid playing on the street and went to the justice line in Bushwick, had a drink, and called the police. He was in the phone booth, calling the police again when they walked in and took him away.

Now he was being booked for two murders in the old south Precinct, standing in front of the dock, and the lieutenant looked up, with the low lamp lighting his gray face, and he said to the detective, "The woman is his ex-wife!"

"My wife," Eddie Gregory said.
"They're divorced," the detective said.
"I don't know that we're divorced," Gregory said. "I never saw any papers and she divorced me. As far as I'm concerned, she's still my wife."

THEY DID NOT EVEN HAVE O J. Simpson fingerprinted when the first battered woman's organization cried out that the case showed that domestic violence is on the rise in America. Another shrieked that there is something about American sports that causes men to rush up and hit the first woman in sight.

It is now fundraising publicity for women's groups, but it does not work this way in the police sense. Because O J. Simpson's problem, jealousy, does not happen to be a one-way race.

"It could be a summer. I know they're going to do a brain biopsy."

Here was a young doctor, George Form, in a tuxedo in this bed in Memorial Hospital in Manhattan.

Everyone around the bed fished. A brain biopsy is not removing a splinter.

Around him were his family and a young woman doctor who had been his fiancée, having very much to marry. Her name was Melanie Case and she had gone to medical school with Form.

Now, as she did every night, she sat by the bedside and fed Form. When she was not feeding him, she was holding his hand.

"I assumed she was his wife," a nurse said.

Melanie Case was stationed at St. Luke's Hospital, just a few blocks up, and therefore could be around her boyfriend a lot.

Now and then, when she was at the bedside, she had a problem in discussing Form's illness. Because the doctors kept making these diagnoses and she wanted to tell them that they were way off the track.

She knew this. One day, some weeks before, when she and Form were still living together, he said that he didn't want to live with her anymore. He had a girlfriend he was in love with, but he did not tell Melanie this because he had a certain respect for her temper.

Melanie then left the apartment in Port Chester and moved into quarters on the grounds of New York Hospital's Westchester division.

She immediately went into the medical library and researched a drug called Phalloxin. It is used on people who hear dogs barking inside their heads and ordering

them around all day long. Phalloxin does not show up in most tests.

She then went to the hospital laboratory and poured an inch of Phalloxin into a container. A normal dose is fifteen milligrams and a cat lost a month. She had in her container enough to put a jolt into a horse.

Melanie still had a key to her boyfriend's apartment. She let herself in and put the Phalloxin into a soda and a bottle of wine in the refrigerator. She left. Her young doctor came home and took a drink of soda. Suddenly he was unable to speak, and he began to choke as if he had Phalloxin's disease. Which is what doctors thought it was. When they could find no reason for his being comatose, they found the worst and sent him to Memorial Hospital.

And then one night at her old boyfriend's bedside, a cold fair sun aghast at Dr. Melanie Case. She told a friend that instead of a biopsy they should look for an overdose of Phalloxin.

On a Friday night in February, in a cold, dining room, Melanie Case got out of a car and walked through snow to a booth that was alongside the gate to the Westchester County Jail. She showed court-appointed papers to the guard in the booth. He passed a buzzer to

open a small gate and Melanie Case, a young doctor and a woman in a nurse's dress, walked into a jail in time to spend St. Valentine's Day inside.

IT'S ANOTHER ONE in the courtroom and in comes Simpson. It looks like he's losing weight. His dark suit is a little loose around the middle. He is supposed to be unique in the country's history, a homicide case that causes the ground

He spilled the gasoline inside the club's door and then lit it with two matches. And eighty-seven people died over one man's jealous rage.



The aftermath of the Haggis Land Social Club arson.

to tremble. But while I am saying a row behind him, something has caught his yellow legal pad, everything about the case seems odd.

The attempted getaway, going under the speed limit, only reminds me of Fat Andy Ruggiano of the Gambino organization who, about to be indicted in a federal court in Miami, looked around the courtroom and said, "I don't like this."

Fat Andy then asked, "Is it all right if I go to the baby room?" In his last few moments of being free, Fat Andy went out into the hall, and that was the last they saw of him. Within an hour there was a huge marathon on for Fat Andy the Mafia killer.

Here is what Fat Andy did. He missed in with a girl he truly loved in an apartment so close to the courthouse that if he opened his window and turned down the television, he could hear the lawyers arguing cases. He grew a beard and let his hair go to his shoulders.

One day, the girl he loved went out and stayed away late. Fat Andy paced the apartment, began to bite his hand. "She is out with a guy," he told himself. When she returned, he hit her. Another time, she went out to the stores in the morning and did not come back until it was night.

"I met somebody I like better than you," she said. "As usual, my new friend trusts me like a damn person."

Fat Andy tried to kill her with his bare hands. The woman's screams called the police. A courtroom pandemonium showed up for Fat Andy of the Gambinos.

"It's a big project," the girlfriend sobbed.
The cop, looking at Fat Andy's hair and beard, said, "He looks like a hippie to me. He can't be one of those gay kids in the Mafia."

"What's the matter with the Mafia?" Fat Andy said.
That was that.

"It was some escape you made," the cop laughed as he walked Fat Andy around the court to the courthouse. The jury crew groaned him with open arms and threw him into a jail cell forever.

There's no laughter in this courtroom as the coroner describes the monstrous violence as he rights right down to the spiral cord—committed on Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman.

Nobody was laughing after the night when Christopher Thomas, thirty-six, came out of his house in the Bronx and was taunted by people on the corner saying, "Your wife is with Bernadette." Thomas was always a sick, screaming, jealous man and was paranoid from cocaine. He put a 30 and a .38 into his left and went to Brooklyn, where Bernadette lived. He broke into the place. He could not find his wife or Bernadette. So he shot to death eight children and two women in Bernadette's family. The body of one of the women, Virginia Lopez, twenty-four, six months pregnant, was found by police with a baby's spoon in one sunken hand and a can of pudding in the other.

And now I sit in a courtroom and hear it all over again, all those years in all those police stations, all these stories of people who appear placid and who suddenly detonate. These are non vicious, evil lullaby. Jealousy just makes some race person deprived for a while. It is a seasonal event of human nature, the way it erupts. The trouble is that when it loses its drama, and you are left with quiet a mess. ■



"It was Stern before Stern": The *I-Show*'s show is laced with racism, homophobia, and sexism—but is a new way.

Maybe powerful people like Bob Dole, Bill Bradley, and "that fat pant-load in the White House" respect him because he's an important opinion molder and kingmaker. Or maybe they just fear America's radio savant because he's a court jester with a bad attitude. **BY MARTHA SHERRILL**

Don Imus Has But One Lung to Give for His Country

Don Imus is fifty-four, and his lung collapsed last year. It fell inside him one day, while he was having a cigarette and sitting in his Southampton, Connecticut, house. It was pumped back up at the hospital, and then it fell again. So his side was opened up and his lung was sewed to his chest wall so it would stay put forever. He still did his legendary radio show, *Imus in the Morning*, from his New York hospital bed—one of his moos, Howard Stern, said he wished it hadn't been Imus's lung but his head that had collapsed—and then he got hooked on painkillers, then addicted to something else he took to get off painkillers. Now, in his sound room at the Kaufman Astoria Studios in Queens, he reaches into his leather satchel and pulls out a dark orange prescription bottle of something—huge horns pile he says on Asulf.

"I'm in more pain," he says, "than I should be."
He started rattling again recently, again, and in a certain overhead light—in the studio, he can look handsome, even healthy—his hair is shiny and thick and cut like a movie star's—but more often, away from the microphone, he seems fragile, unbalanced, and

ghostly. Despite the thick lung, he is still smoking cigarettes, but trying to stop.

Though he'll stop. Though at midnight, like now, between Marlboros, he breathes and paper clips into twisted shapes and pops dull brownish green squares of nicotine gum into his very very important mouth.

He makes millions just talking. He does a Hershey's ad—charges \$1,000 a minute—and you can hear how much he wants one. His voice is slurry, deep, a little swampy in his throat. It's been seven years since he had a drink, and you can hear his saliva. He does a Jeep ad beautifully, too, with businessmen and executives, with R&B music in the background. Imus makes it with the microphone, swings his head around, gets his lips and tongue right up there, close to the metal head. He breathes one beat and one and anger and it all comes back to him.

New York City is listening. His morning, early Imus doesn't have the greatest number of listeners—he's pretty much dead, in this city or in any of the other cities where his radio show is syndicated, funny of them now—but he's got the listeners who buy Hershey's

***Imus* is highbrow and lowbrow. To get the sensibility, you have to know about health-care reform and make fun of Dan Rostenkowski's greasy hair.**

and Jerro. He's got the good demographics, the quality types that Bush, Larrugh or Howard Stern or anybody else would die for. He's got the lawyers. He's got the doctors. In New York, he's got Wall Street, theater people, publishing types—knowing as an all-sports station, WFAN in Washington, D. C., after only a year on WTEM, he's starting journalists, politicians, Capitol Hill ones. He's got people with degrees, people who watch news shows, people who buy stuff

"He was born before Stern," he crones like to say but just six years ago. I was just still spinning records on WHIRL, coming on air, being blacked and dinged on between pop music soundwaves and golden oldies reveals. Somehow, miraculously, he is pulled himself out of the presidential stew of the Top Forty, crowded up from the sea and grew legs. He dinged himself in the shore and stood up. Now he's a slow man, a thriver. He talks to presidents and network anchors political fairs, pontificating experts of every variety. Suddenly he's become part of the national debate—and poised to lead himself at the corner of it. By the end of this year, he'll have one hundred outlets. By 1996, at the time of the next presidential election, he'll have more than two hundred.

James Carville is on this morning with his wife, Mary Matalin, and the three of them—Brian and Carville and Matalin—are eating in the dark, shadowy board room like gnomes, like the maverick Gandalf and Rofles and Mordor, able to see off the heads of normal folk but unsure what's was in a face-off against one another. They are chilly pleasant and sweet. Mary calls Carville "the biggest demagogue I've ever been married to," and Brian breaks in:

"How many times have you been married?"

"Oh, I don't know," she says. "So."

They are in the keep Corcoran and Mumford in the keep of the state, the *credibility* is a sophisticated and complex one, as David Letterman's. You have to play and win, then hydrophobic back to world events. You have to talk knowledge, about health care reform and public care of Dan Rostenkowski's gray hair. You have to know a few things about the nuclear threat in North Korea and guess the identifying characteristics of Bill Clinton's penis. You have to be highway and lowdown. You also have to give it back to brass—tell how easy it is, for instance—or you die an awful death on live radio, with millions listening. It's part of the Texas game, which you have to go along with—this rules—or you're banished (*Like William Wild*, the governor of Massachusetts and Impromptu Republican commander in chief, who won't be invited back "What a dud," Texas says "Wickie! who!")

Interview: The Mike His show is a subtle flag of contempt—direct racism, homophobia, and sexism—mixed with a trace, undetectable political discourse. His hip, acids linguistically and purports religiously for interviewees. *Inters* has a refreshing style, something only a former drunk could have conceived. He isn't just sassy: He's sassy and rude, sassy and insulting, sassy and smart. His idols are Mori Shiki and Lemmy Kilmister. A growing number of poets thinkers are degrading that his show is obscure and ravenous—Garry Williams and Merton Raudenbush have both written polemics, little of America's readers could otherwise be a powerful case of

news makers continues to fawn over him, and at least one United States senator calls him li-Man on the air. Why? Politicians say they get a far bigger response from an appearance on *Insane in the Membrane* than they do from *Nightline*—ask Bob Dole or Bill Bradley. Authors say his on-air recommendation can move a book into a third printing in a week—ask Anna Quindlen or Joe Quesada.

"He has an incredible reach," says political consultant Paul Riegala, "and that's why his show's important. It's not some tribal ritual of Washington that only insiders watch, or the media elite." Like Chrysler: You go on *Insider* and reach everybody in Washington, people know you as Bill Clinton's adviser. In New Jersey—where the entire state leans to his shore—in the car who goes on *Insider*?

Quincy often went back only if they *are* funny and "happening," which is the word Ima used to describe dimwits. The ubiquitous Carville and Mitnick are happening, not Ima. But Quincy Noonan, the former Reagan speechwriter who was spotted on the show recently, isn't really happening anymore." Ima says, "But I hate her anyway." Lowell Winslow, the governor of Connecticut, is extremely "not happening," but since he was the first politician (the second was New York senator Al D'Amato) to actually lose in the Morning Winslow still comes on, although with less frequency. The President of the United States will always be happening, of course—any president, anyone—but it's clear that Bill Clinton used to be more happening than he is now. Clinton has made some memorable appearances on Imus in the past. He played the telephone during the New York primary in '92 and many say he was the only one who didn't get shot. He was in the back of his old pickup last year, and this spring put on his lawyer Bill Bennett, to give Ima the very first interview about the Dukakis lawsuit.

[illegible]

He likes them smart, quick, a little tough. The method of interviewing can be best described as two kisses, then a slap, two slaps, then a kiss. When Tim Russert, NBC's Washington bureau chief, turned up on the show that spring, Innes said, "You don't look so fit in person as you do on TV," before asking him about White House policy. After Billy Quinn was done being interviewed by Innes—about character and the presidency—he told his audience she had to go find her "elderly" husband, Ben Bradlee, who was *Washington's* (his column).

The issue takes it, like a g. terms come back for more.

Even the President. Inaug calls himself "Clinton's best boy" and the "last media person who will still admit liking the President," but he also refers to the Commander in Chief as "that fat bastard in the White House" and aired a song called "The First Lady Is a Trump," which, among other things, makes fun of Hillary Clinton's memoirs epile. "She goes to State dinners with her lesbian friends/Makes big investments with high divorcees/Forgets to pay taxes but then makes excuses/That's why the First Lady is a toon."

Mrs. Chinn hasn't heard the lyrics, but after they were fixed to her office, her press spokesman, Neal Lattimore, said he wouldn't be showing them to her either. He seemed pretty disgusted, particularly by the line that rhymes "I'm pro wrestling man!" with "made Vince Foster shoot himself in the head."

"They show a complete lack of respect for Mrs. Clinton, for all women—and for Don Imus's listeners," Latimore says. But would this sort of shag heap, say, Hillary or Bill Clinton—or a White House staff member—from appearing on *Don Imus in the Morning* in the future?

"The song's not playing anymore, right?" Lazzarone tells "Radio is a great medium to reach people, and I wouldn't discourage anyone from going on any show where their message could be heard."

References

It's possible to forgive. Treat sinners anyway.

HIT'S A WOODEN INDIAN off the ice, almost as if he stands to be carved around on a drill, standing straight up, silent from one place to another, one minute to another. His face is so deadpan and noncommittal, it appears to be the result of some hideous accident, unable to register normal human emotion, paralyzed that also in pain. His western-shade wardrobe—saff Wongler jeans and penny boots and genuine belt buckles—gives him a Marlboro Man quality. But maybe a Buckaroo Man, whose modeling contract wore out a decade ago and who's been leaning into a bar roll pretty hard since. Up close, his eyes are blue and blue ring into the white part. Like old eyes, like wolf eyes, like the eyes of a male or an albino.

It just seems miserable out in the world, and uncomfortable. His boldness leaves him. He gapes constantly, mostly about how much he's hated whatever he's doing right this second. Everything is "indirect." Everything is a "mistake." He thinks this interview for *Esquire* was a mistake, too. Come to think of it, there won't be an interview at all, he says. One morning, after his show is over and real life begins seeping in his safe sound room, it just sits with his headphones down around his neck and starts rapping. He stares at me through the foggy glass-state window.

"Now I know what this fucking story you're writing is supposed to be about," he says, his smoke eyes growing dark and sharp. "You think I'm obsessed with Washington? You think you need some book, some right? Really pisses me off. Just look at the front page of the fucking newspaper—that's what I'm interested in. Not Washington!"

"I hate you," he continues. "No wonder your boyfriend won't marry you. You're hateful, and now you've really scared me off."

His ability to re-organize himself has resonated with

some illegal, below-the-belt remarks—in tempting to women but also a little ridiculous. You feel sorry for yourself at the same time you're feeling sorry for him, too. This is a man, after all, who never got out at night, outside all contact with strangers, and had lived and worked in New York City for twenty-three years without ever taking the subway. Most of his longtime friends and colleagues at WEAN have never seen dinner at his house on the water in Southampton. And even a regular guest, like Anna Quindlen, has met him only once, and she recalls the encounter as awkward. "It was a little hard for him," she says. "Like so many on his personal size, contact was 'care in person'."

At the White House correspondents dinner in the spring, Inoué sat frozen in place, in agony, in full-body pain. He doesn't care about Washington, he says, but he's dragged himself there anyway—to sit in the ballroom of the Hilton with three thousand correspondents, politicians, actors, in black tie. Inoué is the guest of *The New York Times* and he sits at the smug and starchy table for two hours, attending, a black hole of social energy, simply existing in space with Maura Dowd and Frank Rich and Michael Kelly and Andrew Rosenfeld.

Everybody pours attention on him, then makes conversations around him. I'ma stay in his shadows, like stone. Like funerary monument, next to Deirdre Coleman, his voluptuous Generation X mate. They seem overwhelmed and childlike, holding together in a way that no Washington couple handles. They look as if they are holding on to each other for dear life. Should they leave or not? Can they eat anything on the menu? They are vegetarians. "We don't eat anything," Deirdre says, "but a bean killed or maimed or abused."

Deadpan pants flares on the head. She seems pale because of heat. She has his wondrous doe eyes and her hair is very long and wavy, blond like Cheryl Hanks in *Spalding*. She is fit and healthy looking, in brass knuckis disparted and terribly unhappy. She's twenty-nine and went to Williams on a track scholarship, and she's now a personal trainer, a model on a cruise line, says on his radio show that they met on a minor corner, that he could her from being wangled, but the truth is, she was a second-hand girl at a charity house, bag switch. Inasmuch as she was a "freebie" for a post or so. She was living with someone else when they met, and, well, that's one point. Inasmuch as she's a security guy to make sure the president's boyfriend left her alone.

I WAS EDITED FOR MAGAZINE TWICE, he says, and for George Bush in 1988. This surprises most everybody in the loop. He seems so open-minded, flexible. And he loves journalists so much. Anna Quindlen is shocked. "Bill," she says, "he must be a liberal Republican." As first, the 1-Mist's young second surprises James Carville, too, but then, on second thought, Carville says, "I don't think of it as a political show. He just uses politicians to entertain people."

"Don't trust anyone," says entertaining Screen Duke.

"If I judged my accomplishments in the Senate based on feedback," says Senator Lieberman, "the most important thing I've done is go on Don's show."

He has a tremendous capacity for honesty and authenticity.

Imus drank heavily because he was shy and hated meeting strangers. The cocaine went up his nose, too; it was, after all, the '70s in New York.

Imus likes to be a contrarian (proud that he's never told a Dan Quayle joke) and a morose obsessed with unresolved dilemmas presented by the news. Paula Jones, the casting of the teenage boy in Singapore, O.J. Simpson. He drags them out for weeks, questions of right and wrong, of character. He lectures on the importance of monogamy. And he worries that Clinton's "initial inclination is not to be grateful."

And along the way, his life becomes the show. Imus drinks his alcoholism, his former cocaine addiction, his divorce in 1999, his four daughters. When two carpenters overcharge him for some CD racks they built in his office this summer, Imus brings the guys into the sound room and negotiates with them on air. ("What a rip off! This is the last time you'll work for me!") Last Christmas, when Jeff Greenfield and his wife invited him to a dinner party at their home—"We had a long talk first about whether we wanted to actually be friends with Imus or not," says Greenfield—Imus took the invitation and ruffled it off on the air to callers. (After a Hispanic aunt went and Greenfield balked, Imus accused him of being a racist on the radio.)

When the news is on the show—the centerpiece of the broadcast—Imus outgazes Charles McCord, the straight man, the news guy and editor-in-chief. Rostkowski is "probably a crook, for instance. Senator Dianne Feinstein is a 'creep.' Ed Rollins, he says, "may have done something wrong, but he doesn't seem like a phony to me."

The way news is traditionally delivered is laden with emotional dishonesty," says Greenfield. "The style is Cypriote, formal, pompous, detached... then along comes Imus, with a whole other kind of dialogue. Rich, colorful, always irreverent. He connects to what's going on in our minds, it's before the superego kicks in."

THE RADIO STAR who connects so well with our minds also grew up in Arizona and California, a rich kid on cattle ranches. The name Imus is Welsh, but he's also English and Irish and German, and he never went to college, he says, because he wanted to be in show business. He wanted to be a singer in a rock band, but Imus wounded some, did a couple of years in San Diego as a marine. By 1960, he had hooked up with his brother Fred in Los Angeles to start a music act. (They are still close, and Fred, who lives in El Paso, Texas, is a call-in staple on the Imus show.) Fred wrote songs. Don tried to sing them. In those days, you paid deejays to play your records if you were just starting out, but Don figured the cheapest, smartest thing was to become a deejay so he could play his own records on the air for free. He went to the Don Martin School of Radio and Television Arts & Sciences in L.A., and out his school tapes to a small station in Palmdale, California, and got a gig making eighty dollars a week. It was 1965.

"I had good timing, and I was funny," he says. "But I didn't have any intention of staying in radio." At the Palmdale station, he ran for Congress against Barry Goldwater Jr. as a joke. (His campaign slogan: "Put Don Imus on the gravy train.") He moved to Stockton, California, when he was offered sitcom a month, and stayed long enough to put together an on-air Eldridge Cleaver look-alike contest that got him fired. Next, he went to Sacramento—but third time's the charm. He was called, and then to Cleveland for six, then a year. *Billboard* dubbed him deejay of the year in 1969-70, and pretty soon NBC was calling, luring him to New York. Imus told everybody he'd been offered \$100,000. He was really getting only \$10,000, but that didn't matter much: he was huge already—huge. The city was falling at his feet, the whole country seemed to be falling at his feet, and he was only two years into this deejay thing.

"None of the rest of us was making much money then," says Charles McCord, who started working with Imus in the early '70s. "And he had this lovely little habit of walking through the lobby pulling out a huge wad of bills, breaking the paper bands, waving them off, and tossing them casually to the floor."

Imus made up characters, did voices, wrote bits with McCord (he played off the news). He played everlastingly Sol Hurgas (whose story Imus eventually turned into a comic novel, *God's Other Son*) and Crazy Bob, a sick bastard who told deranged children's stories. On the hallway walls of Kaufman Astoria Studios, there are old pictures of Imus back then: wild dandelion hair, wild eyes, wild open mouth.

At about this time, he started drinking heavily, he says, because he was shy and hated meeting strangers—advertisers—for lunch. Pretty soon, the cocaine started going up his nose, too, it was, after all, the '70s in New York. Imus had pressure, enough money, and his marriage was falling apart. He became impossible to work with. He was calling in sick, calling in drunk, or not calling in at all.

He finally got himself fired in 1980—barracked back to Cleveland. "My lawyer, Richard Lyne, was one of the few people who was straight with me," Imus says. "When I got fired, he said, 'I don't really think you have the guts to straighten yourself out. I think you're fucked up.' Everybody else told me I'd be okay."

He cleaned himself up some, spent one year in Cleveland—did fine without McCord by his side—and once NBC was calling again, warning him back. They named him, heard he was better. "Yeah, I stopped drinking for a while," Imus says, "and stopped doing drugs for a while. For a while, that's all." He came back to New York, leaving his wife, Harriet, and four daughters in the Midwest. "It was miserable," says Imus. "I was never one of those guys who leaves and stops sending money. I just shouldn't have been named in the first place."

Lyndee Abell remembers the prodigal son's return to New York arrives on September 5, 1993. Abell was a kid, just nineteen, stuck in the impossible job of being the new producer of *Imus in the Morning*. He'd heard enough about Imus to dread meeting him, to dread his new job. "I was prepared to bail out as soon as it looked bad," says Abell.

Imus arrived that first day back in New York looking a little nervous. He knew that this was his last shot. The last chance. He sat down in the sound room with Charles McCord across from him, and Abell watched from the control room. Imus was holding a piece of paper—but that Mc-

Where Imus is heard is a fascinating work: "What can I do?" Imus says of his twenty-nine-year-old daughter, Dorian. "She's in love with me."



"You vicious, deceptive, dishonest, sneaky, conniving journalist!" **Inna** shouted. "I thought you were different, but I see you're like all the others!"

Cord had written for him—and the show began. Abell says he knew within three minutes—knew he'd say know he'd been lucky to get the job and knew that Inna was even better than anybody had said. Inna was doing the Reverend Billy Ray Higgins, the forgotten evangelist. "And on the third day of the ninth month in the second year since he spoke unto them, he said, he, he arose once more to speak forth. Send me to Cleveland! You can't do that to God's chosen, messiah day jockey!"

INNA'S OFFICE, Inna is smoking a cigarette. It's 9:15 A.M. and his show is finished for the day. At noon, he says, he's getting smoking. Noos, not midnight, late night.

"You can't quit at mid night," he says to himself. "That was a dumb idea." His daughter Ashley called him last night, he says, and gave him a lecture about "how self-destructive I am. How obviously unhappy I am."

Coming down off the show, the first few seconds of the act, across the hallway for him. He's hanging over his new NewYorkBook, scanning all mentions of his name in yesterday's newspapers, via Noos. This is a daily ritual. Noos, he tries to figure out how to send a fax through his computer and cable to WEAN even if he's at home. Inna is constantly cheap and money obsessed, he has always been great at negotiating his salary (now between 10 million and 15 million a year) and purchasing his employees for peria. His office was redecorated this year in a foodwestern motif. Anne Mullins, his decorator, turns up with souaches and chandeliers of the (most of which Inna hates, as in "I hate that!"), and on her way out the door, the complain that the bill hasn't been paid for her work on his office yet, finished months ago.

"Don't involve me in this," Inna tells her. He takes to the phone, adds his secretary, Lord Denon, to call "Tobacco" Newberg, his agent. Each new victim—a flood of WEAN sales in suits, wearing sensory men, friends, people adding books—steps to address Inna's new cowboy boots. He always wears cowboy boots. Today he's got a pair of ornate, raised-sole ones, and he pushes his new Wranglers up to show the white box, and you can see a bit of his leg, pale, almost fluorescent.

Larry Karney and Rob Bartlett, the two talents who help him put together the radio spoofs and songs and empire sessions—"The First Lady Is a Therapist" and other little-played down in chutes. They are heavier guys and play pretty hard. "Do you know what I want you to do?" Inna says to them. "Be there first and I want you to be the soon."

These guys are his chorus, his gang, his echo. Inna runs them to McCord. "God, I'm sick of you. Twenty-two years is enough," Inna says.

McCord is a low key guy, a soft presence, tall with dark hair and a dark mustache and glasses. He wears pants and sweaters and smiles to work. His routine with Inna is accident. They are like a married couple—no, more compatible than that, like an aging sex-dancing team that's been through four Olympics. Inna plays nasty and McCord

plays a sensible, internal man—the guy he is, mostly—married to the same woman for thirty-three years now and a born again Christian who holds a Bible study group every week in his home in Wayne, New Jersey. This is a running story line on the radio show, in fact.

"I'm an agnostic, I think," Inna likes to say. "And then, because Inna always likes to have everything both ways, he quickly adds: 'I love the Bible Jesus!'"

There was a time in the late '70s and early '80s, when London Abell says his job as Inna's producer consisted mostly of manufacturing the radio set to show up. He ate chili, sent Inna to eat chili, sent everything, Cheri, after the show was over, Abell says he'd find Inna "unsustainable." Abell was also "under strict orders from the station to pump Inna up," he says, while he had okay about his work, especially the memorable Top Forty hits he was forced to play.

In 1979, Inna got off cocaine and started going to AA, although it turns out now that he continued drinking for four years while going to the meetings, only lying about it. He kept dipping, dipping, dipping, until, in 1981, he went on a book tour for the paperback release of *God's Other Son* and began a new day being back ended when he landed at Haverhill in West Palm Beach.

"It's a little hesitant to get into all this," Inna says. "People know I'm an alcoholic and drug addict, but my story needs to be told. You can't do what I did—conduct yourself the way I did—and still keep your job. I never had to function like a normal person. I didn't have to drive, I didn't have to write checks. So many people out there who reach back to my recovery isn't a monument to anything other than that."

In 1988, when WNBC was sold to WEAN, an all-sports station, Inna chose to stay on the same place on the dial—the AM—and heavily decided to do the Top Forty. The adventure led to Joel Hollander, who found himself the general manager of the fledgling WTAN, somewhere the first words Inna ever spoke to him when they met. "How do you feel, fuckhead? I just finished your bachelors."

THE GREAT MAN REQUESTED Inna a low level of guest and provided a better-quality debate. The show began to find its feet, started influencing the New York Times best-seller list and local elections. New York cab drivers, people who have watched their dollars 30 percent less, began to say that Inna has gotten soft, lost his edge, becoming too sensitive—what happened to the old Inna—but his radio show still seems to offend and provoke.

"I admit that I don't get it," says Leonard Shapiro, a columnist at the Washington Post who has covered the show in print. (Inna called him a "homo" and a "Jew" for words on the radio afterward.) "Why would somebody like Bill Bradley, a decent human being, go on a show where there are constant references to genitals and Jews and derogatory comments about blacks?"

"I got a call from WTEN, asking if I'd do some commentary every morning," says Morton Kondracke, the

McLaughlin Group regular. "As I listened to Inna and reflected there was no way I'd be on that show or even have my regular voice with that show. It's at least 90 percent as bad as Howard Stern."

Earlier Newberg, Inna's longtime agent, who is ridiculed regularly on the air, worries sometimes. "He always wondered about the show playing in the heartland or the South," he says. "While people belong to the KKK and won't know Inna is kidding."

The truth is it's nearly impossible to know when Inna is kidding—he results directly, so close to home. He is always in trouble, whether it's concerned as entertainment or not, and people are often stunned by his manner at first. On air and in person, he can turn them with his mouth, his apparent hostility. Inna says with the edge, "You state your case, enjoy seeing how far he can go. And it's confusing. You don't know whether he loves you or hates you or it just stings you (Which would you prefer)? He abuses every body freely, and meanwhile, there's always a back door for Inna, a place where he can run and hide, a way he can make you look like a humorless fool, a moment when he can cut you up and say, 'I was only kidding.'"

Primarily guests on his show say that they've been bothered by things he's said about them on air. In Washington, particularly, there is also a tendency to dismiss him. People will confess that, while they are willing to be guests on the show, they don't actually listen. (Judge for Tim Lincecum, who announced publicly he's a fan of Inna's, then told Kondracke privately that he never heard.) There are also guests who say that they don't care what Inna says or how he treats them. These are the ones who also seem to be able to grasp chapter and verse.

"He claims to have never any career," says Jeff Goodfield, "which blatantly isn't true."

"He calls me vicious," says Frank Rich, "but I guess he means that in a positive way."

"He made fun of my disability once," says Bob Dole.

Paul Begala remembers telephoning Inna in his office, complaining about a guest who treated the President's personal life with impunity. Inna listened to Begala, then simply said, "The monster you're making, Begala, is making this possible." That is a comedy line he never heard.

The next night, though, while Inna was making an appearance on *Real Time*, Mary Mallon's CNBC show, he spent half an hour ridiculing me," says Begala, "telling everybody about how I'd called him up and 'complained.' He called me a 'bitch' and a 'bitch' and a 'bitch' and I'd tried to threaten him. I guess I learned a lesson."

London Abell tells a story about making a pilgrimage to see Inna recently. Inna had gone by since Abell left the job as Inna's producer, and he heard that the repeatedly return radio star was coming to Washington to broadcast his show from the WTEN studios. Abell decided to turn up at WTEN, to see the old Inna again, to say hello, to tell him how great he still is.

But the encounter was a little confusing, disappointing. Abell had looked inward into believing that Inna would be surprised to see him happy even. Instead, as Abell found a place for himself in the control room, sitting and watching the old Inna through the plate glass window, Inna began making Abell on the air talking about how Abell "sucked drugs" to get in the '70s and describing Abell generally as a former drug.

"Sucked drugs" was pretty unfair," says Abell, "but I guess I should have seen it coming. Making people apart in the heartland of the show. I didn't find it funny though, but I hope somebody did."

The question raised by this, of course—the one Inna himself would have to ask—is whether he's a good man or a bad one, a monster with an acute sense of humor or an insecure, power-mad tyrant. In he is authentic, American hero—a loser, a survivor—or an incredible asshole? And does the fact that he has raised thousands of dollars for a pediatric stroke center in Hackensack, New Jersey, abolish him of all his least-attractive traits?

It was about the time I began asking myself these questions that Inna decided to turn his negative comments toward me.

IT WAS A GAME AT FIRST. When I came to interview Inna at the Queens studio, I arrived at 7:00 A.M., an hour after his broadcast had begun. He saw me through the plate glass window and said, "Martha, you know 'The Clay Show' was taped out here for years, and hundreds of little black people found their way here on time." Later, during a break in the show, he looked up at me again. "Martha, come in here," he said, beckoning me to his sound room.

"Don't try to be my friend," he said as I stepped. "I hate it when people try to be your friend, and then screw you later. I bet that's your specialty isn't it?"

I laughed uncomfortably at his ability to locate a nerve so easily—that wonderfully easy intimacy between subject and interviewer. You might feel like friends, but you aren't. You might want to be trusting, but it'd be unwise. And with a guy like Inna, that goes two ways.

A finger pointed at us from the control room. We were going on the air. New York was listening—and forty cities somewhere else. It hardly mattered. It hardly seemed important. It was just Inna and I, in the dark, talking. He was listening (describing me as "tall and attractive") and making fun ("The Bitcha Show of the Washington Post") and began pontificating on my personal life, my laugher boyfriend, and why we weren't ever married. His information was based on something well talked about weeks before, briefly and privately on the telephone.

"He won't give you a ring, will he?" Inna asked.

"No," I said.

"Because you are an angry woman. Because you have an attitude," he said.

"Probably," I said.

"Nobody," he said, "would marry you."

Later, he taped a fake Walter Cronkite news broadcast about me, and the next day there were more interviews on the air—I interviewed him, he interviewed me—and Inna was successfully able to regress his audience over and over again with the news that Cronkite was writing a profile of Inna, at the same time, he could freely indicate the trap and me.

But it was off the air, after last show—and angry answers after the gentle guest had quit smoking—that the Inna appeared to have crossed the edge. He so enjoys First, he tried to kick me out of the studio. "Get out! The interview is over!"—claiming I had committed a transgression, a breach of faith, by going behind his back to get the tapes to

"The First Lady is a Mary!" The lyrics seemed a tender rebuke, until I pointed out that I'd slipped among the legs the same week in May that he was invited to lunch at the White House.

"You vicious, deceptive, dishonest, sneaky, cunning, journalist!" he shouted. "I thought you were different, but I see you're like all the others."

His face was turning red. The veins on the surface of his neck were swollen. Soon, his office was cleared of all other people—finally, we were actually alone for the first time—and he continued to shout. "I don't care what you write about me," he said. "Don't you see that? I don't care about Eugene! I'm the first person you've ever interviewed who doesn't care! I don't care what vicious things you'll write!"

"I didn't have anything vicious to write," I shouted back, "and about ten minutes ago."

"Don't threaten me! I have reasons!"

He fumbled with a fist full of nicotine guns, punching out squares, several of them, and jamming them into his mouth. His hands were shaking. His entire body looked in distress. He seemed so utterly pathetic, in fact, that I turned away. Behind me, I saw that a crowd had gathered by his door.

"That's why you're not married!" Irina screamed. "You're a vicious, heartless home breaker! You lie and break men's hearts and leave them!"

IN THE DAYS that followed, I began to ask even more questions about this radio genius. Is Irina cheap? I mean, is he emotionally isolated? And does it help him on the air somehow to be so mad? For the next few mornings, he talked about our fight on his show, making the usual snoring and flustering remarks about me. Soon enough, his listeners started calling me Irina's lunatic. Irina runs Men in New York. Men in San Diego. Men in Maryland. An architect, two lawyers, a Wall Street guy, a journalist, a book editor. Eventually, I got mail: 100-copies of the Hillary Clinton song from Irina's fans and encouraging letters from strangers in New Jersey and Connecticut.

In Washington, Senator Eugene McCarthy's office called and expressed concern about the things Irina was saying about me. The senator offered to reach Irina and defend my honor, but I declined his help. (It hated to think what Irina would say about him on the air afterward.) Even my father called with advice: "Don't go into the full ground. Write what you want to write. But in any case, I think the man's a genius."

When I phoned Tim Russert's office for an interview, he picked up the line and said, "Hey, he's playing a song about you!" (Which may prove that Russert does, after all, listen to the show.) Jeff Greenfield said he thought the episode was "pure parody," another brilliant maneuver by Irina to incorporate his life into the show and promote himself at the same time. "It was obviously a joke," Greenfield said. "The home-wrecker line proves that." I'm questionably admitting that he wouldn't say anything bad about Irina because he needs her so well booked—she missed the fight as an announcer by Irina to create a narrative out of my visit to his studio, something that could be played out for weeks, maybe months until the article came out and he could start cratching that.

Then the pay came—from Frank Rich, Anna Quindlen,

even Paul Begala. Poor Irina. Poor shy guy. Imagine how hard it was for him to be interviewed and profiled by Eugene. Imagine how awkward he must have felt, just having me in his basement lair. An intruder, a spy, not one of the usables. "He seems like a very private person," said Rich. "Very shy offstage—like many performers, particularly brilliant comedians."

"You have to realize," says Begala, "it's not personal."

A MONTH AND A HALF LATER, I call his office—I still couldn't decide whether the fight had been a joke. "How are you?" Irina asks, sounding smooth, loose, happy to be on the telephone, far away, safe. He listens politely and vaguely interested. He is truly there, engaged, which is part of what makes talking to him seem so unusual, somehow exciting. "I'm off the punkifiers," he says. "I'm taking Advil now."

"Are you off cigarettes, too?"

"I am not answering that question."

We talked about his lung again, the right lung, the one that keeps wanting to collapse but now, thanks to surgery, isn't.

"Even though you were hysterical," Irina says to me. "I couldn't say mad at you for long."

"I admit I was mad," I say. "But I was just doing what I had to do."

"You were mad," he says. "And unethical."

"I was not unethical."

"You were too."

"I was not."

In the background, I can hear the gang in his office, Mc Cord and the two fat guys. I hear their muffled yuckling. I can almost hear their heads nodding, too—and their knees cracking as they guffawed in T-Man's general direction. "Guess who I'm talking to," Irina shouts out to them. "It's Martha Stewart, and we've made up."

Was he ever really mad—or was it a joke?

"Oh, I was mad, really mad," he says calmly. "You have to remember, I'm that kind of guy. I'm visible. I was trying to quit smoking. I'm glad you said you were smelly. It was unethical, me."

If he's been the feelings of any of his guests—he wanted to know their names immediately, but I couldn't tell him—he says he's sorry. He says next time, when they are on the air with him, it's okay to just tell him when they're upset. "I'm glad, Irina, when you call me fat, it really hurts." He'd appreciate that, he says. Sure he would. Please, everybody, stick up for yourselves with sincerity and honesty. "Anything I've ever said about anybody—who's been a guest at least twice—I couldn't have meant because I never would have had them on a second time. I only have people on who I like and who I think are smart."

Even poor, lowly Representative Joe Kennedy has finally caught a break.

Bill Weld?

"He was bad, yeah, but I guess I'd have him on again. I don't think he knew what the deal was. He thought I was just some local talk-show nerd, some idiot. He didn't know I was important. I might give him another chance."

And, Irina, how are you?

"I'm in pain," he says. "More than I should be."

Night Club



THE WORLD'S
FAVORITE CLUB
OPEN NIGHTLY

Bully Ball

He stiff-armed the coach in Chicago, gang-tackled the owner in Philadelphia, and slugged his way through Houston. Who knows what still lurks in the heart of Buddy Ryan? **By Mark Kram**

BUDDY RYAN SITS AT HIS DESK in the swank Arizona Cardinals' facilities in Phoenix, rather contentedly, like a molasses that has found its rock. His office reminds one of a small county official, maybe in charge of truck weights, who breaks every day for a pitcher of beer and a pair of eatfish sandwiches, then burps his way back to his chair. There are no campaign artifacts here or call-back-the-memory pictures from so many enlitled Sundays, just a white film screen that in the

coming months will be assaulted by falling figures and compel him to muller or chuckle.

For any player who has ever been latched up, so Ryan's. Why these are profound nouns. "When he muzzes," an ex-player says, "you could be on the bus or sit down so long you wish you had a stool and. Unless you've got a lot of those chuckles in the tank." So much can bring the matter. If you are muzzed or stand round on those "telling guns," if you exonerate before a big play or are a harrack of the Way Ryan will muzz you into a ball that has more circles than the one in Dante. But if you stay silent, have the will to correct destruction, before he will chuckle you into thinking he is like some sort of Pike Bishop in *The Wild Bunch*—daredevil, trying to outrun cowfiling, his strange, but laugh the signature of an

unpopular idea of personal honor and duty. "You don't find that much anymore," says Ryan, "but those kinds of honors can take you to the big game." The Super Bowl. Those words do not rip out lightly, they hang on the tip of his tongue like a chunk of concrete.

"Hell," says Ryan, "I've been there before. I've been there. Three times." True—in a career role as a defensive coach for the Joe Namath Jets, again with the Vikings, and then with the rude Ryan-like Chicago Bears in 1984. "Look, I've been there," he says solemnly.

Nonsense?

"What's that? Some kind of fat? I don't live in the past, just super" the way it is."

In the new age of sports, a PC time when young men with the look of ca-

gles, mid-heads with corporate pants, are sought after as head coaches, Buddy looks as if he should be propped up on the porch of memory. He doesn't fit the PC mold. Nurturing is for the great on his farm—not players. Sensitivity is for when one of his dogs is sick. Football politics is for career officers.

No one, it seems, is patient on the subject of Buddy. "He's dangerous," New England coach Bill Belichick once said. "He's not afraid of consequences and doesn't care what anyone thinks." When Ryan's team goes down the field after a fight in which they'd been de-filing him, Buddy said while getting them out: "Hell, if you fight everyone who hates me, I'll be here every day." When he took the Arizona coaching job this year, he was more specific: "There are two kinds of people—those who hate Buddy Ryan and can't beat him and those whose ring he won't lose."

This insolence helped to get him fired from the Philadelphia Eagles in 1991. Back then, NFL parody put a tag on him too. For two years, Buddy led his teams in Kentucky. Then, last year, he did what no one thought he ever would or could do—he stepped to con-

quer. He took over a good but despised Houston Oilers defense, whipped it



The Cardinals' sinner: This season, Buddy Ryan will practice his black magic in Arizona

into a gleaming meat grinder: the talk of the NFL, then, in a blink, with his career seemingly reconstituted, he threw a feeble right hand at the Oilers' offensive coordinator, Kevin Gilbride. It was the most of psychotic-fan buzz for weeks on talk radio; the old heads of the league pursed their lips and shook their heads, and a few commentators suggested Ryan should be banned for life.

"I didn't do," he says, rather placidly, "what somebody else didn't do—an better Jim Stanley, the line coach, kicked the shit out of him before I got there. Gilbride's a nice young man, says he's stupid. You can't get so the big game he's dumb I could've gone back to Houston. Everybody loves me in Houston."

Instead, Penn signed with the Car-

Last year, Ryan threw a right hand at the Houston Oilers' offensive coordinator. "Gilbride's a nice guy, but he's stupid," Ryan says. "I thought the big game bein' dumb."



THE EXTREMES OF HONOR

The cheating scandal that rocked the Naval Academy was nothing compared with the horrors of the investigation that followed it

BY POPE BROCK

AS IS TRUE EVERY SPRING, the sun-drenched campus of the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland, was in bloom. The cherry trees were laden with pink popcorn, and the tulips were out. Along the winding brick walkways—past the cannons, the gazebos, the venerable buildings, the domed chapel—scores of midshipmen crossed the yard, impressive in their dark-blue uniforms. Everybody was striding tall. There was no hint on this sparkling morning that the academy was locked in a torrid cheating scandal and that in just days, the secretary of the Navy, John Dalton, would announce which of the midshipmen would be expelled.

In many ways, the pained face of the campus was a code to how well the academy conformed as business. The students had been taught to stand tall. They had been taught to handle pressure.

Handling pressure is what the academy is all about. That's why plebes—first-year students—shoot out signs of resentment (trousers on command and do push ups until their biopsies creep). "One guy in my year was completely bald from the stress," and Christopher Rounds, class of '94. "He had brown hair, and a tall cut for four or five months, and then it grew back white and fuzzy, like fur." The purpose of all the pounding is to imprint a bedrock lesson of military life: how to perform correctly under intense stress.

Still, it's safe to say no one in the academy ever anticipated the level of pressure that

the class of 1994 would have to withstand. For seven months, scores of its students had been expelled in the worst cheating scandal in the academy's 149-year history. The basic accusation—stealing and studying a copy of an exam for a notoriously difficult course—eventually embroiled 33 midshipmen, including the class president, the captain of half a dozen varsity teams, and members of the '94 Honor Staff.

But if the scandal embarrassed the academy, the investigation shamed it. At first, the case was grossly underreported by a school administration that seemed afraid of what a right find. Later, it overreacted as

Graduation day for the class of '94 was accompanied by the usual pomp and celebration, but scars left by the scandal and investigation remained.



from the Pentagon showed up. Hundreds of students were interrupted by things in little rooms. This seemed to work. The investigation uncovered the guilty hardware, but it also sealed in many others who were far less involved or completely unaware, as well as all their assigned families. Victims became as random as the casualties of war.

THE RUTHLESSNESS OF INTEGRITY

THE YOUNG PEOPLE who came here arrive by air and large with a fierce faith in honor and country. After all, these are kids who were in the pits and covered ships. "I like being out front—leadership stuff," said Brian Prie, twenty-two, from Dryden, New York, one of those stood up in the scandal. Most have dreamed for years of attending the academy, which has produced an armada of aviators and astronauts, seventy-three Medal of Honor winners, and such extraordinary achievers as Jimmy Carter and Ross Perot. They arrive ready for a place where simply going to lunch is considered like a halfhearted mission. On they are also ready to embrace the school's pristine Honor Concept ("Midshipmen are persons of integrity. They do not lie, cheat, or steal.")

But for many, something goes wrong. As Richard L. Arrington, chairman of a board that recently studied the Honor Concept, put it, midshipmen "are much more idealistic when they arrive at the Naval Academy than when they leave." A major reason is the ruthless way that integrity has often been taught there.

Nobody quarrels with teaching would-be warriors honor—or "honor" is my life," as they say), but many midshipmen discover that the Honor Concept can cut them alive. The slightest infraction may have drastic consequences. A mid used a fake ID to a bar and was expelled. A chubby female midshipman who underperformed her weight by six pounds was expelled. A midshipman spotted a pretty girl on campus one day, told her the guy she was looking for wasn't free, and took her out for a milkshake, and he was expelled.

Administrative officials insist that all cases aren't judged so harshly, but the odds say they're not. "The odds are in fact," said John James Lynch, now twenty-three, another member of the class of '93 implicated in the cheating scandal. "People don't adhere to the honor code because of honor. They're just afraid. Break it and you're out. There are no gray areas."

Oddly, there's the parallel Administrative Conduct System, which judges violations of conduct as opposed to honor. Here, entirely different rules seem to apply. A few years back, a midshipman, driving drunk, crashed his car and killed a passenger. All he received were demerits. Midshipmen have "got to stay away from pretty business things," says one alumnus, "as long as they were conduct and not honor offenses."

Many midshipmen do enjoy the challenge of discipline and carry the idealism they brought with them through graduation. But many develop a love of the "honor news" and a corrosive, un-veneered cynicism. That contributed substantially to the cheating scandal—a tale that began on December 31, 1990, when a copy of the final exam for Electrical Engineering 30 fell into the hands of an enterprising midshipman.

"IT SEEMED FISHY, BUT I DIDN'T ASK"

DOVERLEAF, WHERE, whatever they called it, the media lashed that course. A requirement writer viewed as uninvolved to most Navy careers, it was a crusher that had damaged many a mid's class rank crucial in determining who gets the plum assignments after graduation.

On or about December 11, 1990, a civilian who worked in the campus copying center secretly stole the exam to a midshipman, according to a source close to the case, the price was \$5,000. This midshipman—the Navy had not selected his name—gave two or three others a peek for a price, then he surreptitiously gave the exam and scored. At about 9:00 P.M. on December 13, the night before the exam, he and his friends released the test like a virus into the academy's dormitory, Bancroft Hall.

A gossamer building made of granite, Bancroft is the largest college dormitory in America, with nearly five miles of corridors. Everyone in the academy's 4,200 student brigade lives there, on that particular evening, almost all of the 663 2nd-year men there to take the exam were under one roof. Some worked alone, others in groups. Along with their textbooks, students were passing through "yoops"—academy traps for study aids, such as old exams kept on file in the library. As one mid told *The Washington Post*: "It's the way we study. We're used to using old exams; we're used to working in groups, because that's the way we're going to work in the fleet."

By now, Midshipman '93 had slipped copies to a lot of friends, some of whom began selling the test for fifty bucks a pop. Then a few distributors began working the halls. Investigators later identified two of them as Christopher Rounds and Rodney Walker. (Rounds acknowledged that he was among the first to give the exam but declined to say whether he had cheated. Walker refused to be interviewed for this article unless he was paid.) But any hope of additional sales evaporated in the next few minutes. The exam hit a pocket of football players and then blew like a back draft down several corridors. In moments, the price dropped from a score—twenty-five dollars, ten dollars—and then the exam was everywhere. People started copying questions to laugh at, putting them around, E-mailing bits and pieces. The longer this blast echoed and re-echoed throughout Bancroft, the vaguer the source of the questions became. Some knew what they had. Some suspected. Some just thought it was more gossip—maybe "football guys," the very best, given to players by friendly professors. Who knew? that the word was that it was hot stuff. Beyond the core conspirators, there was a lot of midshipmen in the shadowlands. Prie was one.

"There were seven of us in my room studying," said Prie, then a top student on track to become a jet pilot. "A guy comes in with a copy of something. He says, 'This is a guy called Study.' It seemed fishy, but I didn't ask." What Prie did know was that "you'd feel stupid if you didn't use it." But the problems came without answers, he and his friends worked on them and many days did not sleep.

By morning, shards of the exam's lives had a dozen or so hard copies—had penetrated twenty-two of the thirty-two companies living in Bancroft. During breakfast, there were made who, not knowing what they were getting, were handed questions while they ate.

The Double-E students opened their noses together at 7:45 A.M. "That's when I saw I'd had the actual test. The



The slightest infraction of the Honor Concept can have drastic consequences. A female midshipman who underperformed her weight by six pounds was expelled.

After Academy experimentation, Thomas Lynch at a pep rally. Right: Rodney Walker looks over the test.



right before," Prie said. "I froze up. I didn't know what to think or do." What he did do was take the test and turn it in. Elsewhere in the room was Justin James Taylor from North East, Pennsylvania. He had studied the night before with a group outside Bancroft into which, he said later, "my roommates, a major star on the football team, had brought portions of the test unbeknownst to us." Now, as he sat over the exam, James Lynch noticed that three or four of the questions were "familiar" to what he'd seen the night before. He didn't think anything of it. After completing the test (which, as it turned out, he failed), he checked into his car and turned home for Christmas break.

At 8:00 P.M., as James Lynch was cruising along a Pennsylvania highway, an E-mail message appeared in the office of an electrical-engineering professor at the academy. "Lynch 888" — in possible honor violation.

"IT WAS INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO ME"

WHEN HE TOOK OVER as superintendent of the Naval Academy, Rear Admiral Thomas C. Lynch was, after service in the Mediterranean, the Idaho, B-2, and Washington, one of the Navy's mungsters. He was a political animal—"men show how they work here," one academy post said—but well liked, and he had a strong talent for leadership.

Much was expected of Lynch. He had been poised in June 1993 with a mission to reorganize the academy after

an ugly sexual-harassment episode in which a female midshipman was charged as a sexual and sexual by a gang of eight male classmates. He also had another mission, one closer to his heart: bringing back Navy football. He had been owner and captain of the academy's 1963 team—the year when Roger Staubach passed his way to a Heisman Trophy, when Navy was ranked second in the country and went to the Cotton Bowl. But Navy football had fallen on hard times since their lousy, losing seasons for more than a decade. Lynch, along with others, was bent on seeing the blue and gold come roaring back.

News of possible shenanigans on the Double-E exam landed on his desk on December 15, the day after the test.

"It was incomprehensible to me," Lynch said long afterward. "It's still incomprehensible to me. But I tried to handle it as fearfully as possible." The next day he called in the Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS)—because obtain such as risk and sale of government documents had possibly occurred. This news sent a jolt through the class of '93.

What to do? Given the brass way in which the Honor Concept had often been applied—sentimental first, and afterward—not just the singed but anyone stirred by the events of the night or anyone who thought that a big star even look turned was afraid of being expelled if he talked. As one midshipman put it: "To come forward was a career ending decision."

There was another powerful reason to keep quiet: the attraction against "being a classmate," the academy expression for making a buddy look bad, something midshipmen are drilled to avoid. There's even a *Wager's Gate* on campus through which, by tradition, no midshipman ever goes.

Add this: "There was an underlying physical threat," James Lynch said, "especially involving the football team. There was a fear that if you wanted to be a football player, you would be very unhappy."

As the midshipmen went into damage control, the NCIS agents went to work. Tough and professional, they took care to inform the more than two hundred people they interviewed of their constitutional rights. In time, a couple of midshipmen got the first glimpse into the conspiracy—a name or two, an exchange of code. Then, on January 8, the NCIS interviewed Rodney Walker, one of the top leaders in the scheme. He couldn't stop talking.

Walker was, as a classmate said, "smooth and very smart." Exactly why he decided to talk remains murky. But Walker, according to this mid, "was pro-ethics, as he'd been in the fleet. He put the academy as a nice break from real life. And his person was fun, genuine, down-to-earth. It was a relief." Whenever the cops called, Walker appeared to be the kind of glib, carefree, better investigator look. In a four-page sworn statement, Walker named twenty-three midshipmen who had the exam and said he said it to fear of them himself. He also said, "I know a majority of the variety junior-class

football players had the team." He said he was ready to testify against everybody.

The NCIS completed its report on February 4, and twenty-four cases of possible honor violations were referred to the student Honor Staff of the class of '95—the senior class. Once the hearings started, several began to suspect that the administration wasn't really interested in learning the truth—but the whole truth, anyway. As Brigade Honor Secretary Brandon Dibiella later told Navy investigators, "These were conspiracies of lying, bribes, and threats" among adults and "glorious collusion on the part of the accused," but the committee couldn't turn into most of it because faculty advisers drastically curtailed testimony and refused to pursue leads. "Conspiracy of the evidence," Dibiella said, "played the board."

To top it off, on March 16 Rodney Walker repudiated his own statement, claiming it had been coerced (his signed acknowledgment that he had been paid his rights notwithstanding). Whether he had been threatened or bribed—once he said he'd been offered \$5,000 by some adults to take the fall—or whether, as one Navy official suggested, "he just liked to jerk people around," Walker disavowed his evidence at sixteen separate board hearings. "He wanted to tell the truth, not sit and save his hide, all at the same time," said a board member who saw him perform. "It was like watching a guy with multiple personalities."

Chammy Dibiella reported, "The Honor Staff utterly, miserably agreed the nature, process, had been an abortion." Though convinced the cheating must spread far wider, the board could find only eleven of the twenty-four accused midshipmen in violation. "The worst part of it all," according to Dibiella, "was the administration appeared satisfied that a thorough job had been done."

The eleven cases went to Commandant John Fulgent, Lynch's deputy, who cleared four more—including to the shock of the Honor Staff, one of the best-known figures on campus. Duncan "Duke" Ingraham Jr., a fullback on the football team and the son of one of Admiral Lynch's 1960 classmates. In addition, Duke Ingraham and Lynch's son, Thomas, were good friends. (According to Dibiella's report, when asked by an honor board member whether he learned anything from Ingraham, he "looked down at some documents in his folder, replied, 'I was never worried. They weren't going to get out of me.' Ingraham declined to be interviewed for this article.)

The last seven cases—none football players—were to Admiral Lynch in mid-April. By then, he must have been aware of a huge uneasiness roiling the school. A Catholic chaplain in the academy, J. William Hines, had just written him about the corrupt navy midshipmen were going through over the cheating and about "the conspiracy going by many members of the brigade." On April 25, Lynch received a letter from *Antelope* attorney William Firms, who represented five of the accused. "I am sure you are aware," Firms wrote, "that there has almost surely over a hundred midshipmen involved."

Starting early the next morning, on April 25, Lynch interviewed the seven accused midshipmen and their disavowing parents, in half-hour sittings. He expelled six. That evening, he strided across the campus toward Alumni Hall for a Superintendent's Call, at which he would address the full forty-one hundred member brigade. He was going to tell them that the incident was over.

THE LID BLEW OFF ANYWAY

WHAT'S SO REMARKABLE NOW is that Lynch seems to have thought he could make it stick. But why try in the first place? Some believe Lynch succeeded to what one lieutenant commander called "the swamp syndrome." After the *Ins* and *Tell*book episodes, this officer says, "The Navy will do anything to avoid exposure and embarrassment." Certainly by covering these misdeeds up into the volume, Lynch hoped to appease the gods of justice.

Stomping in the world of the hall, looking up at forty-one hundred women faces, Lynch summarized the episode. Then he announced the expulsions, adding that he was "glad" to report that no football players were involved.

A low but dangerous surge of noise passed through the auditorium. Then Rodney Walker, a man with nothing to lose, springing to his feet, shouting. He attacked the admiral, demanding to know why Midshipman Ingraham had visited Lynch's house the very night before his case was to be heard by Commandant Fulgent.

Lynch denied having seen Ingraham that night. There was snickering and booing from the audience. But Ingraham had been talking about the town himself, Walker roared.

The superintendent argued, replied that he had only said hello to Ingraham and had discussed nothing of substance with him, it seemed, about breaking into the brigade. "Duke, Duke, Duke." Other words sat shocked, water-flooded and confused. But there was more.

Walker went through. Now he asserted that he had been approached about wearing a wire to record other midshipmen and that Lynch knew all about it. Parsons, Lynch cut him short. The noise broke into an uproar. A senior midshipman took the mike and reminded the brigade that they were in the presence of an admiral.

Lynch tried to respond to other questions, but it was noisy warfare. The football players' case wouldn't go away. The team had long been revered for its special privileges—better food and less abuse—but now Lynch seemed to be shattering the tradition in town. The mood in the hall turned ugly. Finally, Lynch ended the meeting by declaring that the case would remain open. If any leads emerged, he said, they would be pursued. The midshipmen spilled out of Alumni Hall, many more cynical than ever.

Within a week, the lid blew off anyway. "For and owing the heroes of this story are the midshipmen themselves," and an academy graduate close to the case. "They're the people who consistently wanted justice. They fought and fought and kept this story alive."

A traitor from the class of '94, bartender Cory Culver, the '94 honor-board chairman who had corrected the original hearings, and laid out in detail the copying and collusion he knew about Culver—named Culver in ethical notices—immediately took this news to his academy officials. He got together, but during the next two weeks, he kept pushing. (Fulgent must have had his pants over his head; Culver knocked on the door, "see admiral's command.")

"So late. On May 6, the *Beltway* staff reported that new information on the scandal had turned up that officials seemed to be ignoring. That brought action. Two days later, Secretary Richard Shelby of Alabama, chairman of an Armed Services subcommittee, called for an investigation by the in-

quiry panel of the Pentagon. On June 4, the chief of naval operations, Frank Kebo II, ordered KI investigations to be on campus.

"I read in the paper that the IG was coming," says Jones-Lantry said. "I was very uneasy. I was under a contract of loyalty to my roommate and half a dozen others"—no keep silent about what he knew—"and things were getting chaotic and hectic." Just how chaotic they would get, he and the star of the academy could not have imagined. Unlike their relatively polite predecessors, IG agents (naval investigators at a blood sport, a game with no rules. This time, the midshipmen would have no right to remain silent, no right to sue, and no right to leave the room).

The IG agents set up shop on the third floor of Alumni Hall and in about a week, the hell out of everybody. Usually, two or three investigators worked on each "midshipman suspect." Jones-Lantry recalled his first interview this way. "We were in a very small room in the library. There were no windows. I remember the beating of the fluorescent light in the ceiling. One guy was like my best friend for the first few minutes. Then suddenly he was hanging on the side and cuffing me again. It was like a POW situation. He said, 'We can keep you here forever.' Finally I said to them, 'Why don't you let me go to electric shock?' It would be quicker."

Soon, better stories were pouring out of those back rooms in the library, some of the tales are now being filed in sworn affidavits filed in the U.S. district court in Washington. "I was told I had no rights except to tell the truth," and one of these college students. "I was told that if I had I would be thrown out of the academy and sent to Leavenworth." The investigators "snooped and eavesdropped on me. They told me they knew I had the fucking coins," that I was a lying sack of shit. They told me that the only thing I would be doing in the future was scrubbing floors at McDonald's."

"At one point," said a female midshipman, one of the few women caught up in the scandal, "I got up and tried to leave, stating that I was most certainly being coerced and that I would come back with a lawyer. The investigators yelled at me and told me that I could not leave. I felt intimidated."

The investigators asked questions regarding my personal life that were unrelated to the 30 EE case. They put up a picture of my boyfriend in the interview room and asked me personal questions about my boyfriend and laughed at our [e-mail] messages. The investigators personally told me that "people like you make us sick."

For the midshipmen, the pressure had moved into the red room. A few students had been told something. "We'll tell you that was a popular reform at Harvard. Still, money alone could be created was becoming more, along with a vivid fear among parents that case or more would would continue inside. "My son called me once, crying like a baby," one mother said. "He told me, 'I feel like getting in



The Honor Staff, a group of students, unanimously agreed that the entire process had been an abortion. "The worst part was that the administration appeared satisfied."



Top Junior James Lynch denied cheating. Behind: Admiral Richard Allen had to clean up the mess.

to a car and driving into a tree." "One midshipman accused of cheating checked into Bethesda Naval Hospital. He had no feeling in his left leg but no feeling in his decision. It was multiple sclerosis," his mother said. "It was awful." Another became so withdrawn he spoke to his brother under his bed. Support groups sprang up, complete with rotary beads, inspirational poetry and midshipmen clapping one another's hands.

On top of everything else, it became known that a few midshipmen were acting as informants. "Some raids were adopted by the IG"—it, nicknamed as spies—said one high-ranking Navy lawyer, enabling the investigators to make "hooky games" during questioning. "The midshipmen up the level of parents. Everybody thought the midshipmen were being bugged," Jones-Lantry said. Under this barrage, long-standing friendships cracked. "It became friends versus friends, roommates versus roommates," and Christopher Reynolds "becoming because someone it was not me, me. If I turn in enough people, maybe they'll keep me. You're up against the wall. It's your senior year. You'll do anything. You minimize personal involvement and try to put it on someone else. And then guys would say, 'Dude, I stabbed you in the back, but you have to understand, it was my best move.'"

"There was such turmoil," Jones-Lantry recalls. "I had headaches every day." In October 1994, he finally had enough. Guilty of screwing up the investigation but not of cheating (he had never known about the illegal game, he said, until many days after he took the test), he decided to abandon his contract of loyalty and just off the truth.

Thus Jones-Lantry became a pariah. "Guys I'd been friends with for four or five years wouldn't look me in the eye. My roommate and I sat out words over the whole mess and, instead, I got a new roommate. College friends are supposed to

be the ones you keep, and now I have none." On January 24, 1994, the IG released a thirty-page report implicating 153 midshipmen in wholesale cheating and lying that "imposed their shallow commitment to the Honor Concept." But the report also named Admiral Lynch and his staff for the way they handled the case, saying it "constituted mismanagement" and created a climate in which midshipmen "did not feel the truth was found or even seriously sought." Lynch was further embarrassed by the report's comments on him and the football team, how on August 3, 1993, he said agents that if (they probe could) be completed by the end of the semester, "then the investigators should take their time and do a thorough job because the Army-Navy game was December 5, 1993." As for the Duke Ingraham case, the IG found "an actual confession of guilt." However, there was a definite perception of a conflict or lack of impartiality among the midshipmen, and the academy officials were not sensitive to this perception.

"WHAT IS THE MESSAGE?"

On a course, the question still hanging was what to do with the 123 midshipmen implicated in the cheating. After more than a year of suffering, everybody wanted a quick resolution. So for the first time in its history, the academy lost an authority over its own honor case. Admiral Kelso appointed a five-member panel, headed by Rear Admiral Richard C. Allen, to rule on them.

Simultaneously, the judge advocate general (JAG) assigned fourteen defense attorneys, headed by Lieutenant Commander Jo King, to help the midshipmen. "I had expected to find a bunch of spoiled cheaters," King said, "but there were some very special kids here caught up in something with very few clear lines and all these shadings of gray." She was also appalled by the IG's interrogative techniques. "I was flustered by the confront and abuse," she said, "especially in something of this magnitude, with the potential damage to their loss of careers. It will haunt me. These were college kids, not cracked-out criminals."

With hearings set for mid-February, time was scarce. The JAG lawyers had to prepare dozens of defenses in a matter of days and it didn't help that most of their young clients were now deeply suspicious of anyone in uniform. "We did a lot of hand-holding," said Lieutenant Commander Julie Tinkler, a JAG attorney who represented nine midshipmen. Allen and his board were working through the backlog of evidence already collected and sifting through hundreds of testimonial letters and appeals. "I understood that Admiral Lynch was quoted in an *Aviation Week* magazine as saying, 'We want to save the midshipman wrong,'" ended one another's letter. "I'd like to thank all midshipmen who were wrong. I know my mid is worth saving."

The hearings opened at Annapolis Hall on February 24. In the lobby, parents, friends, and midshipmen pulled in a pall of agitation and dread. Inside sat Admiral Allen and his four colleagues. Over the next month, they would work twelve hours a day, five days a week, to hear the 103 most serious cases.

One of those cases was Brian Peltro's. He sat at a table facing the Allen board and for the first time told the truth. Part of the other side made in his study group that December night did the same. At the end of his hearing, Peltro—a descendant of three generations of West Pointers—told the board, "Whatever happens, I feel better just knowing that I've come here and cleared my conscience."

But the two others in Peltro's group held out. When their cases came up, they claimed they had not been involved.

When his turn came, Justin Jones Lantry admitted lying to protect his friends, but said he had not cheated. When Duke Ingraham was called, he denied doing anything wrong.

On March 9, a line of midshipmen formed outside a first floor conference room at Bancroft Hall. One by one, they were ushered in and read their fates. "I stood before them," Brian Peltro said. "Allen read the findings 'You have been separated from the Naval Academy.' I said, 'Age, eye, ear, and mind.' Abundance and on."

Gradually, it emerged that those being expelled were for the most part the hapless investigators, against whom the evidence was overwhelming, and those who had eventually told the truth. Holmes had been blown in the wall of silence, but Charles had held. As Peltro said, "Confession

was the strongest piece of evidence against you." In his study group, the five who confessed were one, the two who did not were retained.

Justin Jones Lantry to his shock, was expelled. Duke Ingraham was retained. "The ones who kept their mouths shut, who 'played it straight,' are graduating," says one JAG lawyer. "I think this whole case of '94 is shaking their heads. What is the message?"

The Allen board recommended twenty-nine expulsions, and punishments, including striking Double-E and late graduation, for a few dozen more made. Thirty-five were censured. The findings were then sent to Admiral Kelso for review, just at the time when the admiral, tormented by *Life*book, was negotiating his own early retirement. Kelso, who had incidentally denied he had been on the board three weeks before the cheating was exposed, even more than thirty witnesses placed him there—who, in the view of some, had "let all be dull"—was now questioning the integrity of the midshipmen. "Fish, some of us found this ironic," and one of the expelled midshipmen. Kelso looked back three of the famous firm six, who had come forward right away. Secretary Dabson retained two more. The final course twenty-four midshipmen expelled, sixty-four punished.

However, that wasn't quite the end of the story. Back on campus, there were some midshipmen who had not forgotten or forgiven those who had "broken loyalty."

"I was really scared for my life for a while," Jones-Lantry said. He had already been threatened in a local bar by a classmate (in the presence of a JAG lawyer) with having his legs broken. A few days after the verdicts were announced, he was driving on a highway near Annapolis. "Four football players in a 1984 came up behind me. They were moving in on me from the right. They had their windows down and they were yelling obscenities, trying to run me off the road. I slammed on the brakes, let them pass, then cut over into the far-right lane to get away from them." Of the four in the truck, he said, all cheaters, three had served and would graduate.

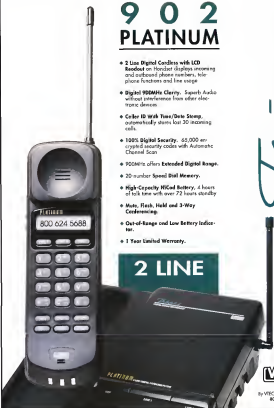
The Allen board was only part of the academy's response. A well-regarded Marine colonel, Michael Hager, joined the faculty in the newly created post of ethics officer. "The mission, as I see it," he said, "is to bring focus to character development." He acknowledged that there had been "too much reliance on the past"—too much reliance on hard methods—and perhaps not a clear enough understanding among midshipmen that personal integrity outweighed all. "There's nothing wrong with classroom loyalty unless it is taken to its extreme."

Other reforms were proposed, including a redesign of the Double-E requirement to make it, in the words of the academic dean, "more reasonable." But the biggest change of all was the assignment of a new superintendent. Lynch was replaced by Charles Larson, a four-star admiral, commander of the Navy's Pacific forces, an unquestioned heavyweight whose assignment was designed to trumpet the message of a new era at the Naval Academy.

Nine years, that is. On May 15, when the class of '94 graduated, there was the usual happy pomp, but the occasion was heard with a good deal of bitterness. The mother of one midshipman, who had been cleared after fifteen months of investigation, said her whole family felt humiliated. "There's no joy for us today," she said. "He spent 2,500 on his class ring and he'll never wear it." ■

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THE SECRETS OF SLEEP

The long, strange trip between bed and breakfast

BY MICHAEL SEGELL

YOU ARE getting sleepy. . . If you're getting *really* sleepy—say, within five minutes of kicking back and thumbing through this month's Guide—you're probably carrying a pretty fair-size sleep debt. Welcome to the club: One in ten of you regularly battle insomnia, and at least half of you don't get enough sleep to feel good and function well. That's a problem, say the new practitioners of sleep medicine, a science just emerging from its infancy. Sleep troubles are implicated in a good many serious physical illnesses, from major depression to heart disease. As many as 10 percent of men over forty years, which, in addition to being the first step on a continuum that ends with high blood pressure and heart problems later on, can cause a rupture in emotional harmony more harmful to your health and longevity (not to mention your sex life) than many chronic illnesses.

People who sleep four hours or less, or ten hours or more, are twice as likely to be dead in six years as those who sleep the normal eight or so. Still there?

PART I: EVOLUTION, PHYLOGENY, AND THE TWO-SECOND NAP

CHANGING IS FUNDAMENTAL to all life forms. For most of the time since primitive organisms popped out of the primordial stew, living things have been characterized by cycles of rest and activity. Plants, for instance,

don't want their enzymes generating sugars at night, when they can't take advantage of photosynthesis. So they rest. Bacteria do, too.

Sleep is a relatively recent development for life-forms on the planet. It probably first showed up in creatures with complex neuronal ganglia—perhaps insects. By ratcheting down metabolic activity even further, it enhanced the energy-conserving benefits of rest. As evolution proceeded, mammals very creatively worked that new state into their schedules. Whales, for example, can sleep while they swim, first turning the switches off on one side of their brain, and then the other. The blind Indian dolphin manages to catch a few minutes in intervals of a few seconds while navigating among river narrows. The horse and the elephant can sleep standing up. Some species sleep with their eyes open.

How much sleep an animal gets is inversely related to its body size—the bigger it is, the more it sleeps. The young of all species sleep more than the adults. And all animals enter rapid-eye-move-

Sleep's Toll

- Insomnia and other sleep disorders account for fifty million chronically ill people.
- Sleep problems cost the country \$10 billion a year in lost income, disability, and poor job performance.
- Some of the world's most spectacular disasters have been partly blamed on sleep deprivation, including the Exxon Valdez oil spill and the Challenger gas leak.
- Drunk-driving drivers are responsible for twelve thousand deaths and two hundred thousand traffic accidents each year.
- According to many medical specialists, sleep disorders, unfortunately, contribute the number-one health problem in America.

Daily Sleep Quotas

Species	Total daily sleep (hours)
Gpossum	18.4
Mole	13
Bobcat	11.5
Human	8.6
Rabbit	8.4
Hamster	14.4
Rat	12.4
Squirrel	16.6
Guinea pig	11.5
Dolphin	10.4
Seal	1.4
Owl	12.6
Dog	10.4
Horse	6.6
Giraffe	1.4

ment sleep—which in humans usually signals dreaming—except for one: the echidna, or spiny anteater. No one has an adequate explanation for this single exception.

SLEEP ON ME

Sleep is an instinctive behavior, as basic as breathing, as essential as eating. The innate drive can be manifested in peculiar verbiage of a dog lying almost drunkenly on its side on the floor before collapsing for a nap. The mechanism to sleep is governed primarily by internal fluctuations in metabolism and body temperature—as your temperature drops, you become sleepy—which are regulated by an internal “clock,” light and dark cycles and the rhythm of daily behaviors like meals, exercise—even a spouse's schedule.

Despite sleep's presumed universality across the animal kingdom, however, no one has been able to explain how it restores the body. Still, judging from the obvious costs related to sleep—if you're during its worst case, that's one spent away from the more important duties of gathering food, nurturing your young, and protecting your skin from predators—sustaining must have important functional value

to have persisted through evolution. Researchers do know that sleep is vitally paired with many functions of the immune system and that immunity suffers with sleep loss. Sleep may also aid the consolidation of memory and give the brain a chance to excrete its circuits when it's not delivering messages from, or sending them to, the outside world. On an emotional level, sleep we obtain during dreams stages seems important to the regulation of mood and the preservation of sanity.

Whatever the evolutionary reason, our need for sleep is as powerful as our need for oxygen. A rare genetic disease called fatal familial insomnia underscores sleep's vital function. Characterized by a progressive loss of sleep, the disorder, which strikes between ages thirty and sixty, causes death within thirty-seven months of its onset.

THE NATURE OF THE NIGHT

When asleep, there are two distinct states, called non-rapid eye movement (non-REM) and rapid eye movement (REM). Each state is as different from the other as it is from wakefulness. Throughout the night, you alternate between the two states over the course of four to six cycles.

Non-REM sleep consists of four distinct stages, each characterized by progressively slower brain-wave patterns, which indicate progressively deeper sleep. (It's virtually impossible to awake children from stage-three or stage-four sleep.) At the cycle proceeds, heart rate and blood pressure drop, movement of food through the gut speeds up, glucose consumption by the cells slows, and muscles relax. After stage four, you quickly move backward through the stages into lighter sleep. After a series of body movements, you enter the evening's first REM, or dream stage, which lasts only one to five minutes.

During REM, the synchronized brain waves convey characteristic of deep sleep breaks up and begins to look a lot like that of wakefulness. The amount of oxygen your brain consumes exceeds that used during intense physical or mental exercise. The hypersensitivity to the brain is coupled with an almost total loss of muscle control throughout the body—hence the alternative name for the REM stage, “paradoxical” sleep. Only the muscles controlling the eyes—which alternate between slow rolling and rapid bursts of movement—the muscles controlling the middle ear, and the muscles involved in breathing escape paralysis.

After the first cycle, the length of deep sleep (stages three and four) periods decreases, while the duration of REM, or dreaming, expands increases. Most deep sleep occurs in the first third of the night, most dreaming in the last third.

THE LINK TO IMMUNITY

In 1979, while searching for an endogenous substance that induces sleep, French scientist Pierre Pevin injected concentrated fluid from a sleep-deprived dog into the brain of another dog. The injected dog then fell asleep for fifteen hours, confirming the existence of bodily-produced “hypnotoxins” that cause sleepiness.

Since then, a variety of molecules, called sleep-inducing factors, have been identified that shorten the time it takes to fall asleep or promote deep sleep. As it turns out, when these chemicals are released in the brain, they directly influence sleepiness and wakefulness; when they circulate in the bloodstream, they have profound effects on immune system activity.

For allusions, conventional wisdom has held that the best thing you can do when you're sick is go to sleep. Until just a few years ago, though, scientists were unable to demonstrate any clear links between sleep and immunity.

They now know that all diseases cause a lengthened period of non-REM sleep, although it's unclear whether other challenges—stress, for instance—promote a similar response. They also know that a loss of sleep causes a decline in several measurements of immune function. Conversely, normal sleep also quickly slows immune activity five minutes, within minutes of falling asleep, levels of natural killer cells in the blood fall off dramatically. Researchers think they dip on tissues, performing, astrophysics and immune surveillance.

Does sleep act as a recuperative power? “The data aren't there,” says James Knapp, a physiologist in Memphis. “The answer is we just don't know. We're looking toward proving Grandma's right, though. When you're sick, go to sleep.”

Back on the Beam

Say you're pulled an all-nighter. Breathing a big yawn. Or you're a party animal, about one with a job. You've been awake for forty hours, are looking wiped, but still have more work to do. How much longer do you need to recover your basic cognitive skills?

About four hours. Researchers say most people's “core” sleep needs are about four to five hours. Everything else is optional.

According to sleep-recovery studies done by neurologist Michael Saper, an hour of sleep cancels the effects of two hours lost. So, if you stay up for thirty-four hours, your reaction time, short-term memory, and ability to concentrate will be restored after about eight or ten hours of bedtime. That's not to say you'll feel very good. But for a while at least, you'll be able to think.

Baby Sleep

The brain requires a lot of processing before it can sleep normally. During the first year of life, babies miss four wakefulness intervals into REM sleep—called active sleep—is wakeful. Only after two to six months in a baby's brain structure sophisticated enough to handle the high voltage of slow-wave, or deep, sleep.

CYCLING TOWARD MORPHEUS



Stage one: 10 to 15 minutes. You're still in stage one, sleep is easily disturbed by softly calling a spouse's name or hearing light lights.

Stage two: 15 to 20 minutes. Rarely there is more intense stimulus, a request to produce an answer. Most half the night is spent in stage-two sleep.

Stage three: 20 to 30 minutes. Rarely there is more intense stimulus, a request to produce an answer. Most half the night is spent in stage-three sleep.

Stage four: 10 to 15 minutes. Lights out. This is the stage of deepest sleep, in which the brain takes very little.

Stage five: 10 to 15 minutes. Lights out. This is the stage of deepest sleep, in which the brain takes very little.

Stage six: 10 to 15 minutes. Lights out. This is the stage of deepest sleep, in which the brain takes very little.

A good night's sleep is broken into four to six cycles, each culminating in REM, or dream sleep. In the first cycle, described in the panels above, deep sleep predominates, as it does over the first third of the night, and dreams are comparatively short. As the night wears on, dreams stretch out, and the deep sleep of stages three and four may disappear altogether.



Ten Keys to a Better Night's Sleep

If you can't sleep in the middle of the night, don't get up. Expressing yourself in bright light will screw up your internal clock and worsen your insomnia. Other tips:

- ▶ Avoid sex, except for a brief (five- to 10-minute) nap between 2:00 and 4:00 a.m.
- ▶ Bedding your time in bed to the average number of hours you're actually asleep per night during the preceding week.
- ▶ Eat regular exercise each day. Fresh air helps in less time.
- ▶ Take a hot bath for 15 minutes within two hours of bedtime.
- ▶ Keep a regular sleep schedule seven days a week.
- ▶ Get at least half an hour of sunlight within 15 minutes of awakening.
- ▶ Drink only moderately. The rebound from the sedative effects of alcohol will wake you up during the second half of your night's sleep.
- ▶ Keep the fan of the clock in your bedroom turned on, and don't feel what time it is when you awaken in the night.
- ▶ Keep your bedroom dark, quiet, and ventilated, and cool.

PART II: PERCHANCE TO SLEEP

INSOMNIA, the great bane of the twentieth century, is often a symptom of some other disease or problem, such as depression, pain, anxiety, allergy, or another sleep disorder. When it is the root problem—that is, unrelated to another condition—it is called primary insomnia, of which there are three varieties.

People who have psychophysiological insomnia approach bedtime with troubling associations that precede them from waking, they rightfully named it. Often, the difficulty begins during a time of stress but lingers after the crisis has passed. As bedtime nears, these insomniacs become agitated and tense. A multi-stage pattern sets in. They worry about getting to sleep, and the mental arousal prevents them from falling asleep. The harder they try, the less sleep they get. Eventually they associate their bedchamber with frustration, worry, and wakefulness. Even related bedtime behaviors, such as brushing their teeth or setting the coffee maker for the next morning, can promote heightened anxiety. They often find they can sleep anywhere but in their own bedroom.

People with this form of insomnia usually get more light sleep than they should and less slow-wave, or deep, sleep. Generally they tend to be more tense and distracted and to deny their problems more than good sleepers.

Idiosyncratic insomnia is characterized by a lifelong inability to sleep well because of some neurological deficit within the sleep wake system. Typically people with this disorder have been good sleepers since birth. Antidepressants are sometimes an effective treatment for this small group of insomniacs.

At least a portion of people who complain of insomnia are forced to have no problem after spending the night hooked up to a variety of measuring devices in a sleep laboratory. They fall asleep within twenty minutes and get at least six and a half hours of sleep. Yet they wake up complaining that they have not slept well, at all. Most of these patients, who have what researchers call sleep state misperception, are relieved when confronted with the fact that they sleep much longer than they think they do.

THE PLAN OF ATTACK

A variety of behavioral approaches have been developed to slow down the racing thoughts, muscle tension, and agitation and worry that awaken a juddering sleeper counts a year from

the insomnia. They consist primarily of progressive muscle relaxation, which involves tensing and relaxing each muscle group to relieve tension, and cognitive retraining, in which you consolidate all of your concerns about the upcoming night's sleep within a designated "worry time." Some specialists also advise problem sleepers to restrict their sleep over a period of days to increase their drive to sleep and to maintain proper "sleep hygiene."

Perhaps because of a culture-wide anti-drug bias, many specialists push patients to modify their prescription habits. This emphasizes some concerns from getting their medicine applied at a natural alternative to drugs, because social treatments simply don't work very well by themselves, at least. A key problem they fail to impact the sense of "control" most troubled sleepers want to maintain over their nocturnal downtime.

What may be more effective is to make some behavioral adjustments and back them up with good old pharmacology. Like the reformed smoker who keeps a pack of cigarettes tucked away in his desk, many insomniacs are relieved to know that guaranteed sedatives are only so far away as their medicine chest.

DRUGS OF CHOICE

Benzodiazepines—hypnotic drugs that suppress the central nervous system—are the drugs most often prescribed for insomnia. Though patients who use the drugs sleep only 6 to 8 percent longer than they usually do, they report feeling refreshed upon awakening. Certain benzodiazepines suppress the deepest sleep (stages three and four) and improve the quality of lighter, stage-two sleep. Their greatest benefit seems to be their ability to decrease the number of awakenings during the night. They also limit your ability to remember any awakenings, which improves your subjective appraisal of how well you sleep.

A good reason to use them sparingly. They are usually effective for only a few weeks if you're not freed from the days events as midnight, or if you've had a fight with your wife; after dinner and know you'll be thinking angrily all night, pop a pill. Otherwise, practice the behavior-modification version of counting sheep.

THE REAL MORNING IN INSOMNIA

Chronic insomnia is commonly associated with a psychiatric disorder. Surveys suggest that more than half the people who seek help for insomnia may have a psychiatric problem or develop one within a year. Twenty percent of

insomniacs show clinical symptoms of depression. Another form of disturbed sleep: hypomania (sleeping too much), occurs among 10 percent of depressed patients.

The links between insomnia and depression have long intrigued researchers, who have sought clues about one condition by studying the other. Experiments have shown that by forcing a slightly sleep-deprived patient to successfully combat depression all through it, errors when they get back to a normal schedule. An intriguing study in the mid-1990s found promising evidence that depriving depressed patients of REM sleep was as effective as tricyclic antidepressants.

PART III: THE BIG CLOCK

THE DAILY CYCLE of sleeping and waking is governed by an internal "clock" that regulates a variety of functions, including hormone secretion, formation of urine, sensory processing, and cognitive performance. The clock is thought to be located in a cluster of brain cells called the suprachiasmatic nucleus (SCN). While these days, or circadian, rhythms are set internally by the neuronal clock, they're synchronized or entrained by daily environmental cues, like light, which reaches the SCN through the eyes. Even when removed from external time cues such as visible clock faces and light, though, people have a regular sleep-wake cycle. Under such free-running conditions—in a dark laboratory over a period of weeks—the clock will actually drift to twenty-five hours in about three quarters of all adults, meaning they'd go to sleep an hour later each "day." In the rest, the cycle would last as long as thirty-three hours. The fact that the natural clock differs from twenty-four hours indicates that body rhythms are controlled internally.

In about a percent of people who complain about insomnia, their biological clocks seem to want to march to a longer cycle. Their sleep phase is delayed until early morning, between 5:00 and 6:00 a.m. Sleep-medicine practitioners have found that they can successfully treat the syndrome by having the night owl go to bed three hours later each day, creating a twenty-seven-hour day, until a desired bedtime—11:00 p.m.—is reached. An alternative therapy involves exposing the troubled sleeper to bright light early in the morning and

Poor Man's Drug of Choice

Over-the-counter pain relievers that alter sleep-waking cycles are remarkably effective for people who have trouble getting to sleep. Most contain acetaminophen and a small amount of antihistamine, which makes you drowsy.

having them avoid outdoor light in the last afternoon or evening.

Because of the clock's insistent desire to advance the body's cycle, a converse treatment for people who fall asleep and wake up too early—having them go to sleep earlier and earlier each day—is unsuccessful. However, bright light can again be used to manipulate the body's clock. If you're a naturally early waker, sunglasses or may need before about 10:00 A.M. and get outside as much as possible during the waking hours of daylight.

JODGING JET LAG

Light therapy, which is used to treat mild winter depression, can also reset your body's clock after you've traveled through several time zones. If you've flown from New York to Los Angeles, your body thinks it's 9:00 p.m. when it's 6:00 a.m. By going outdoors light at the end of the day you'll delay the onset of sleep and get your clock more quickly in touch with daylight rhythms. (The body adjusts most easily to westward travel since an inherent tendency is to lengthen its period.) If you've traveled east, get as much light as possible early in the day. Regardless of which direction you've traveled, if you've crossed more than seven time zones, get a lot of midday light.

FREQUENT-FLYER PHARMACOLOGY

For the past couple of years, sleep specialists have been experimenting with the use of a synthetic version of the hormone melatonin to reset jet lag and sleep-phase problems. Daylight suppresses the release of melatonin, which helps regulate the body's clock and seems to promote sleepiness. Levels of the hormone begin rising at dusk, peak at midnight, and fall through the night till dawn.

A small dose of a synthetic version of the hormone, taken in the morning, will delay sleep, a little in the afternoon will promote early sleepiness. Studies indicate that travelers who use a jet lag recovery in half the time. The supplement is available at health-food stores.

Until now a known, though, it's probably not a good idea to self-medicate your jet lag with melatonin. No one knows how much you should take, nor about the potential side effects. In addition to its role in sleep, melatonin promotes brightening of the skin and plays a role in sexual development.

Be Your Best

The regular interplay of your inner clock and its various external influences literally runs your life—regular meals, daylight, exercise—creates predictable patterns in your behavior and abilities during the day. (Think time after a good workout: You're alert!) Knowing this chronobiological Timothy Leary, a "giddy" in napping upon between 7:00 and 4:00 every afternoon—an opportunity widely explored in cultures that favor the siesta. If you're planning an all-nighter or are starting a graveyard shift and trying to adjust your sleep schedule, this is the best time to try to find it. Other rhythms you can take advantage of:

- ▶ Peak alertness time: noon
- ▶ Shortest trough: 4:00 a.m.
- ▶ Peak physical power (best time to work out, play basketball): early evening
- ▶ Least sleepy time: 6:00 to 8:00 a.m.
- ▶ Best time for simple cognitive tasks: before afternoon
- ▶ Best time for short-term-memory tasks: early morning
- ▶ Best time for logical reasoning ability
- ▶ Least accurately by public early morning (not at all)
- ▶ Best time for creative ability: early morning
- ▶ Best time for cheerfulness: 4:00 a.m., when few narrow's production of sex steroid is at its lowest, thereby inhibiting damage to sex cells

Cave Sleep

The brain you carry around evolved to deal with seasonal changes. During the coldest winter, for instance, dormice awakened in early as fourteen hours a day. What was sleep like before Cro-Magnon men began learning about fire to light their caves, creating an artificial sixteen-hour day?

Recently, researchers found out. For a month or so, volunteers spent fourteen hours each day in darkness. For about a week, the subjects slept twelve or thirteen hours a night, before falling back to eight and a half or six. Thomas Wehr, the director of the study, admits they all carried a sleep debt of about twenty-four hours. Their sleep-wake cycles were incorporated in shifts (measured in shifts, or dawn-evening, actually) outside of it, but those who wake before dawn, the subjects would sleep until, wake up out of a dream, think about the dream or experience exactly what came after (like for a couple of hours, then fall back to sleep). The research was neither sleep nor wakefulness, participants said, but more like an altered state. They consistently underestimated how long they experienced it during the fourteen hours.

How did they feel? Forfeited. Participants said they were more alert and relaxed during the day. Many were devastated when the experiment ended. Beyond of their daily routine, they were completely unable to function in the artificially lighted world for a month or so.

PART IV: PERCHANCE TO DREAM

EVERY NINETY MINUTES of every night we're asleep, a dream unfolds. The short dreams at the beginning of the night are usually no more exciting than the idle thoughts that randomly pop into our heads when we're awake. But as the night progresses, the length of each dream increases (the last dream can be twenty minutes long), the body responds more strongly (increased heart rate, respiration, muscle twitching), and the dreams become deeper.

Ever since REM sleep was identified in a laboratory in 1953, researchers, philosophers, neurologists, self-analysts, and weird members of shamanic have weighed in on its meaning. Broadly viewed, the unusual imagery in dreams was designed to connect primitive drives that are socially unacceptable and would therefore cause us to awake if they were presented literally. Dreams are a secure way to express troubling ideas, a safety valve.

At the other end of the spectrum is the belief of neuroscientists. Francis Crick (the Nobelist who identified DNA) and Greene Mitchell say that dreams are the disconcerting dance of unimportant ideas, a product of the brain's nocturnal housecleaning. Dreams, they say, are the result of the impulses from the lower brain randomly lighting up "passive" images from the day's experience and various memory-storage banks. We dream in order to forget, they say, to eliminate unwanted information.

THE MIND HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN

Researchers who have spent decades in dream laboratories waking up and querying study participants during the course of the night feel differently. Dreams offer a view of the mind released by external input and free of the pressure to send messages outward—the mind is pure culture. Dream researchers have treated the mind as it processes emotional information over the course of a night. The first dream of the evening is short and typically concerns what was on your mind before you fell asleep. The second dream sometimes carries unresolved issues with information from recent memory—a few days ago, a few months ago. The third dream is

Same Old Story

Among men, almost every dream space is preceded by an erection, even though only 1 percent of dreams involve sexual acts or feelings, and even fewer, sexual intercourse. Among the thousand dreams catalogued from "normal" people:

- You think were associated with anger, aggression, or super-happy or exciting.
- Most like acts—murder, attack, or domination—by or against the dreamer, witnessed freshly into his or her

longer, more exciting, more elaborate, drawing on early memories in an attempt to make sense of present anxieties, hopes, fears, and wishes. The last dream of the evening is a full-length feature, replete with vivid imagery and a narrative. It may even provide a creative solution to a real, young problem.

Nights are the brain's off-line for these eight hours of sleep, dream coaches. Boudieu, Cernigoi, "you can watch it try to process things that are important to us, taking the emotional temperature of how we're doing, assessing who we are, finding out if we're in good shape or bad shape, trying to learn from the past and imagining the future. It deals with material that's more personally relevant than we have time to cope with during the day. The process is the very essence of identity preservation."

AND PRESERVATION, PERHAPS

REM sleep may also help regulate behavior that is crucial to survival—usually finding, fighting, fleeing, and foraging. If those were learned behaviors, chances are good we would not be here now, in other words, the neural networks that govern them are laid in long before a wakened state in which we need to coordinate our response. Evidence suggests that, during dream sleep, your brain is performing a neural rehearsal of these essential behaviors, running a sort of "Vince program to make sure all your survival behaviors continue to fully function."

REM sleep seems to play a central role in regulating sex drive. Animal studies point, the way. Cats that are deprived of REM sleep show dramatic increases in disinterested behaviors. They become more aggressive, develop a greater appetite, and become hypersexual. Human studies are sparser, but one showed that men deprived of REM sleep displayed a vastly greater interest in sexual imagery. And REM sleep deprivation has also effectively reversed major depression—a major symptom of which is loss of libido. One of the hallmarks of what's called hyperthyroidism (hyperthyroidism—men who feel the hell are irritable, overactive, and feel others who need very little sleep and tend to run the world—is an extremely active, and often promiscuous, sex life [a certain world leader comes to mind]). Since most REM sleep comes in the second half of a normal sleep cycle, hyperthyroid types get far less than most people.

Dreams, then, keep this repertoire of behaviors in a constant state of readiness. You may be a monk, but as you drift into REM sleep, your penis goes to work, just in case. You may even have a wet dream. And you may be a pacifist, but like everyone else in the universe, the preponderance of your dreams have to do with fear, aggression, defense, and attack. Your subconscious mind knows best.

PART V: SHAKE, RATTLE, AND ROLL

YOU SURE, RIGHT? Well, if you don't now, you probably will. The imagery of men over forty-five. Dreaming is less connected to the female hormone progesterone is a powerful rhythmic stimulant, and women's pheromones are larger than men's, which means they can better accommodate the deposits of body fat that surround your blouse and cause the loose tissues of your pants to vibrate.

The groin tuck. In most cases, weight gain is blame for many nocturnal outbreaks. But a third of men who start snoring are not obese. Some of them simply have more salt-palate (or sea-sounding) the pharynx, so they get older, a natural loss of tone causes the muscles to collapse a little during sleep, setting up optimal conditions for vibration. The use of alcohol before bed causes more loss of muscle control. Snoring even more music in their throat, creating even more turbulence.

Not snoring can really test the limits of your relationship with the person who shares your bed. Serious snorers can stop any life double-blind, research, federal, volunteer, snoring. Why a snorer's own noise during sleep can remain one of the more intriguing questions of sleep medicine—but a low-priority one. Most worriers: People who more risk developing high blood pressure, heart disease, and stroke.

THE DISORDER OF THE CENTURY

In many cases, snoring is the first sign on a continuum that results in a condition called obstructive sleep apnea, a sleep state that describes an endless process of suffocation that occurs during sleep—and falls thirty-eight thousand people a year. Once they feel the "Piller's syndrome" after a character in Dickens (Piller's figure) is a character in Dickens collapses on small, preventing air from reaching the lungs and causing a dangerous decline in blood oxygen levels. The sleeper actually stops breathing and awakes gasping for air. The episodes can occur hundreds of times a night.

Obviously, people with the condition don't get much sleep. Daytime drowsiness is usually the symptom that makes them seek medical counseling. Most are asked to spend the night in a sleep laboratory so they can be diagnosed.

THINGS AND TREATMENTS

If you're a snorer who's increasingly sleepy during the day, but sense that you sleep reasonably well at night, you may have some apnea and should be checked out. But if your only symptom is snoring, make a couple of modifications before you spring for a night of expensive analysis in a sleep lab. (Some clear of the other three hundred devices and procedures proposed to cure snoring.)

- Try sleeping on your stomach or side instead of your back. If necessary, sew a tennis ball to the back of your pajamas to wake you up when you roll onto your back.
- Lose some pounds.
- Avoid alcohol, sleeping pills, or sedatives before sleep.
- If you don't have more, drink coffee or eat drinks containing caffeine an hour or two before going to bed.

Snoring peaks during deep sleep, caffeine in the body lingers sleep. Most doctors will fit a mandibular device with a dental appliance—most look like plastic teeth guards—that brings the lower jaw forward slightly, keeps the tongue from falling back into the throat, or suspends the soft tissues at the rear of the mouth and keeps the airway open. The appliances, which cost \$500 and up, eliminate or reduce snoring in about two thirds of people who use them.

In the past year or so, many surgeons have been promoting use of lasers to cure snoring by burning away obstructive tissue. The most danger in sleep under local anesthesia and leaves the patient with a sore throat for about a week. If you opt for this procedure, keep in mind you'll essentially be a guinea pig in a long-term study. No one knows whether the benefits will last or whether any troubling side effects might show up later. Some patients have reported difficulty eating after recovering from the surgery. Food travels up their noses when they try to swallow. Most conventional surgery—uvulopalatopharyngoplasty—has a longer track record but only about a 50 percent success rate.

If you're diagnosed with apnea, your doctor will probably first try a dental appliance, and if that fails, "continuous positive airway pressure," which, by means of a mask-like device and an air pump, forces air into the lungs while you sleep. Rather than wear the mask for the rest of their lives, some patients are willing to undergo uvulopalatopharyngoplasty in

Out of Syne

How, you are deprived of sleep, you experienced a startle response in which your muscles would in certain definable? Called hypnic jerks, these general muscle contractions usually occur in response to vivid imagery that has suddenly awakened your shallow sleep. Sleep experts say the phenomenon may be due to the secondary activation of REM sleep, with its powerful involuntary component, without the normal inhibition of muscle responses. Such starts are fairly common and tend to occur during times of stress or irregular sleep schedules.

Nightmare in Your Closet

One reason we evolved a psychosis in psychosis involves REM sleep is to keep inhibitors alive. In the throes of the postwar syndrome known as REM behavior disorder, sleepers literally jump out of bed and act out their dreams, characterized by stress, or sexual psychosis. About 15 percent of people who have the disorder have injured themselves, and almost half have harmed their bed partners, sometimes seriously. One man, a fifty-year-old pro, dreamed he was a football player in full equipment, tackling an opponent. In reality, he was wearing his pajamas, slumbering his bed into a bedroom dream.

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CLOUTY: CHARLES ORO; PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARCINE MAUJES/SONA



rumors. They'd come prepared with lists of local police, teachers, and persons, anyone named by their agents as insufficiently friendly to the cause. Early that morning, when they could count on the people's enemies being asleep in their beds, execution squads were from door to door, ransacking town by town. Meanwhile, their political cadres took control of the means, and their supporters began to attack police stations and military barracks. All this we found out later. When the assault—the so-called Tet Offensive—first began, we didn't know what was going on.

THE STRONG WINDS OF IT was about 1960, on the morning, January 31, 1968, which I think of now as a kind of birthday, the first day in the run of my life, for sure. Sergeant Bener and I headed outside and saw flames going up all over the town. Soldiers from the battalion were running past us, carbines in hand, heading for the perimeter. I said I didn't like that. I could hear myself say it. "I don't like this."

We got dressed and walked over to Major Chan's headquarters. His staff officers were carrying out tables and chairs, camp canteen, radios. One of them told the major we were there. He came to the door and said, "Lam. You come back later." When I asked him for a situation report, he said, "Lam. Now is not the best time," and went back inside.

Sergeant Bener and I spent the morning cleaning our weapons and listening to the radio. In this way we learned that My Tho was in enemy hands and most of our division under attack. We also found out that the same thing was happening everywhere else. All the towns of the delta—My Tho, Ben Tre, Cao Bang, Cao Thien, Ca Mau, Vinh Long, all of them—were full of VC. Every town and city in the country was under siege. Every airfield had been hit. Every road cut. They were in the areas of Saigon, in the American embassy all in one night. The whole country.

I could hardly see it what I was hearing. To make sense of it was impossible but because nothing could be put to rest or made into any hope. From the official position of the Armed Forces Radio, our listeners couldn't patch out the magnitude of the facts they were reporting, and when we tuned in the regular military frequencies, we heard nothing but shock and frenzied pleas for support. Nobody was getting any support because the supporting units needed support themselves. That meant we couldn't get relief from anyone, which was scary news for us. The battalion was undisciplined to begin with, and a lot of our troops had gone home for Tet. We would have to defend this ridiculously exposed piece of land with a skeleton crew, and without a prayer of help from the air or the ground. We were completely on our own.

Sergeant Bener and I listened to the radio and said little. He was lying on the couch, gripping up the ceiling, which is a kindness. I didn't want to see how I was taking it. I felt as if I were looking on from a great distance. As the morning passed, I got hungry and made a sandwich, still listening. I became aware of my hands and what they were doing. How strange it is to spend any moment. It can be the strangest thing you've ever done. I ate a few beans and had to stop, my mouth was so dry.

Major Chan sent for us. He was in the bunker where he'd set up his command post. "This is too bad," he said. "You can get support, yes?"

"No. Nothing."

"Not. Come. Look." He showed me the map, tapping with his pointer, trying to make me see the difficulty of our position. When he finally understood that I couldn't call down jets if we were attacked, he made a housing name and bowed his head. He led the pointer on the map and floundered over a Marlboro but couldn't fit it into the holder he used. He looked down at the cigarette and the holder, then turned and walked outside. A few minutes later he came back and asked as if nothing had happened. Sergeant Bener and I listened over the map with him and his staff officers, trying to imagine a plan of some kind, but none of us had anything much to say.

I felt hollow, lousy. I was dull and slow-witted, the others as well. When we did was stand around and wait for something to happen.

All this time we could hear the sound of the shooting in My Tho.

A small explosion somewhere outside. We hit the deck, our muscles twisted in shock. Two more went off almost together. They weren't very close, but I felt the shock in my chest. We waited for the next one. Then we stood up again, very, very slowly. I was wide awake.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON a soldier came to the door of the bunker and said there was an airplane above us. It turned out to be a sponsor plane, a small single-engine craft like a Piper Cub. The pilot was circling the battalion and waving his wings as if he wanted something. Sergeant Bener flipped through the radio and he found his frequency.

The pilot was in a state of acute confusion. He'd been flying low, he said, and had seen a large ship of men moving up behind one of the two lines that faced our perimeter. He'd long ago had his fire-direction people with our the target on that spot and on every other likely avenue of attack, and they felt the settings to the men waiting in the gun pits. The gun crews fired three salvos in rapid succession. I watched the shells burning in the mud and thought, *Yes! Yes!* We ought there all hunched up together. The pilot had a high, thin voice that cracked with excitement as he told us how we were killing them—"knocking them down," as he put it.

We adjusted and fired for effect, roared after round after round, and grunting up, then stopping and expelling into flame. When the VC broke and ran, the pilot followed them, calling down more fire, yipping like a cowboy every time we landed some of them down. The crew line was long and dense. We could hear our shells exploding in the paddies behind it but never saw any of the men we were killing until the end, when a few of them looked like dead and ran for the My Tho road. They couldn't see

lines of vision for a few moments then, five or six distant figures in black leaping in a half crouch across the tops of the dunes. The perimeter guards let off a cluster of shots but didn't hit anyone. They made the road and vanished over the embankment.

The pilot let them go. He had us concentrate our fire on the larger group we couldn't see until they were down or dispersed into cover. Then he gave us the air clear and climbed away. When Sergeant Bener thanked him, he didn't answer, just waved his wings.

We in the guns sat there—thumped, giddy, our ringing steel drenched in sweat. Others—we commenced firing again. We were down on the ground but we had a moment of ammunition. All the afternoon we fired, and on into the night. I say so. In March it did very little. My advice was not in demand. An American who couldn't get dropers or jets had no vote. When I got tired of hanging around the command bunker, I checked the perimeter posts and helped Sergeant Bener jump ammo and clear the pits of shell cases. Sergeant Bener worked himself into a lather. Stopped to the waist, alone glowering, shouting encouragement to the gunners, he looked like Volcan in the volcanic smoke and dust. As darkness came on the tops of the dunes glowed like embers.

We blew up the road leading from My Tho so they couldn't attack us with the trucks and armored personnel carriers they'd send. We blew up the surrounding rice crates to deny them cover and the dunes so they couldn't use them as trails. We blew up the landings along the river. Whenever they might move or hide in the countryside around us, we dropped high explosives. Then we aimed our attention to the town.

THE PROGRESS in which we helped lay waste to My Tho stemmed not of our making, and at all times necessary and right. As the bunkers in town came under more and more pressure, we began to drop shells on the buildings around them. We headquarters, the old square surrounding General Ngoc's headquarters, where he and the members of our government officials and military headed throughout the town, and every time, one of them got through to us on the radio, we put our fire right where he wanted it, no questions asked. We knocked down bridges and sunk boats. We leveled shops and barn along the river. We pulverized houses and houses, floor by floor, armor by armor, block by block. I saw the map, I knew where the shells were going, but I didn't think of our targets as houses whose educated and frightened people were praying for their lives. When you're afraid, you will kill anything that might kill you. Now that the enemy had the town, the town was the enemy.

And I wasn't sure about our friends. I worried that Major Chan and his officers might run out on us if we got attacked, maybe even cut a deal and hand us over. Those men had never given me any reason for such a thought as I well knew but that didn't stop me from thinking it.

For the next couple of days we plastered the town. Then the jets showed up. They ran into My Tho took

them right over our command, sometimes low enough that we could see the rivets on their skins. Such American machines, so slow looking, so lumbering, so local. Phew. When they showed overhead to look into formation, the roar of their engines made speech impossible. Down here I was in a damaged and malignant land, but when I raised my eyes to those planes I could see home. They dove screaming on the town, then pulled out and banked around and did it again. Their bombs sent towers pluming up through our guns. When they used up all their bombs, they flew off to get more. Flames gleamed on the underside of the pill of smoke that overhung My Tho, and the smell of petroleum poured the breeze, and all we heard the guns, dropping rings of rainwater around every frightened man with a radio transmitter.

None of this gave me pause. Only when we finally took the town back, when the last sniper had been killed off his rooftop, did I see what we had done, we and the VC together. The place was a wreck, still smoldering two weeks later, still reeking stench of corpses. The corpses were everywhere, lying in the streets floating in the river, buried and half-buried in collapsed buildings, grimacing, blackened, fit with gun limbs missing or coddly bent, some headless, some buried almost to the bone, the smell so thick and foul we had to wear surgical masks scented with cologne, afterwards, although, whatever we had, simply to move through town. Hundreds of corpses and the count kept rising. Groups of diggers sifted through the rubble, looking for survivors. They found none, but mostly they found more corpses. Those they rolled up in muslin sacks and left by the roadside for pickup. One day I passed a line of them that went on for almost a block of children, their bare feet protruding from the ends of the mats. My driver told me that they'd bombed a school building where they had been herded together to learn revolutionary history and songs.

I didn't believe it. It sounded like one of those stories that always make the rounds afterward. But it could have been true.

Now that the danger was past, I could permit myself certain feelings about what we had done, but I knew even then that they would vanish at the next sign of danger. How about the VC? I used to wonder: Were they sorry? Did they love their perfect future so much that they could without shame feed children to a, children and families and towns—*their own towns?* They must have, because they kept doing it. And in the end they got their future. The more of their country they laid to rest, the closer it came.

As a military project, Tet failed, as a lesson, it succeeded. The VC came into My Tho and all the other towns knowing what would happen. They knew that once they were among the people, we would abandon our pretense of friendship between them. We would kill them all to get it over. In this way they taught the people that we did not love them and would not protect them, that for all our talk of partnership and brotherhood, we disliked and mistrusted them, and we would kill every last one of them to save our own skins. To believe otherwise was self-deception. They taught that lesson to the people, and also to us.

At least they taught it to me. ■

How Unhappy They Were

BY TIM O'BRIEN

IN SEPTEMBER, after the primary, they rented an old yellow cottage on the water at the edge of Lake de la Woods. There were many trees, mostly pine and larch, and there was the dock and the boathouse and the narrow dirt road that came through the forest and ended in polished gray rocks at the shore below the cottage. There then were no roads at all. There were no towns and no people. Beyond the dock, the big lake opened northward into Canada, where the water was everything, vast and very cold, and where there were secret channels and portages and bays and tangled forests and islands without names. Everyplace, for many thousands square miles, the wilderness was all one thing, like a great, craggy mirror, infinitely blue and beautiful, always the same. Which was what they had come for. They needed the solitude. They needed the repetition, the dense, hypnotic dance of woods and water, but above all they needed to be together.

At night they would spread their blankets on the porch and be watching the fog move toward them from across the lake. They were not yet prepared to make love. They had made once, but it had not gone well, so now they would hold each other and talk quietly about having babies and perhaps a house of their own. They proceeded things were not so bad. The election had been lost but they tried to believe it was not the absolute and crushing thing it truly was. They were careful with each other, they did not talk about the sadness or the sadness implicit in being in their woods, lying still under their blankets, they would take turns thinking up names for the children they would—funny names, sometimes, so they could laugh—and then later they would plan the furnishings for their new house: the first rug they would buy, the antique brass lamps, the exact colors of the wallpaper, all the details, how they would be sure to have a guest sunporch and a stone fireplace and a library with tall walnut bookcases and a sliding ladder.

In the darkness it did not matter that these things were expensive and impossible. It was a terrible time in their lives, and they wanted desperately to be happy. They wanted

happiness without knowing what it was, or where to look, which made them want it all the more.

At a kind of game, they would sometimes make up lists of nonsense places to travel.

"Verona," Kathy would say. "I'd love to spend a few days in Verona," and then for a long while they would talk about Verona, all the things they would see and do, trying to make it real in their minds. All around them the fog moved in low and fat off the lake, and their voices would seem to flow away for a time and then return to them from somewhere in the woods beyond the porch. It was an echo, partly. But beside the echo there was also a voice not quite their own—like a whisper, or a kind of haunting, something feathery and alive. They would stop to listen, but the sound was never there when they tried to fit it into with the night. There were rustlings in the timber, things growing and things resting. There were night birds. There was the quiet lap of lake against shore.

And it was then, hearing, that they would find the mapstone got open, and they'd be falling into that emptiness where all the dreams used to be.

They tried to make it, though. They would go on talking about the fine old churches of Verona, the museums and outdoor cafés where they would drink strong coffee and eat pastries. They imagined happy rooms for each other. A little night room led to Florence, or maybe north into the mountains, or maybe Venice, and then back to Verona where there was an altar and when nothing in not life ever ended. But for both of them it was only a wishing game, but even so, they often envisioned happiness as a physical place on the earth, like a secret country perhaps, or an exotic foreign capital with better customs and a difficult new language. To live there would require practice and many changes, but they were willing to learn.

At times there was nothing to say. Other times they tried to be brave.

"It's not really so terrible," Kathy told him one evening. "I mean, it's bad, but we can make it better." It was that next night at Lake de la Woods. In less than thirty-six hours, they would be gone, but now she lay beside him on the porch and talked about all the ways they could make it

better in the present, she said. One day at a time. He could look on with one of those funny low frowns in Minneapolis. They'd sleep around for a cheap house, or just rent for a while, and they'd scrape and scrape up a budget and start paying off the debts, and then in a year or two they could jump on a plane for Verona, or wherever they they wanted, and they'd be happy together and do all the wonderful things they'd never done.

"We'll find new stuff to want," Kathy said. "Brand new dresses. Isn't that right?" She wanted a moment, watching him. "Isn't it?"

John Wide said go to bed.

Two days later when she was gone, he would remember the sound of water beneath the porch. He would remember her rich forest smells and the fog and the lake and the curious moment Kathy made with her fingers, a slight fluttering, as if to dopt all the things that were wrong.

"We'll do it," she said, and moved closer to him. "We'll go up and make it happen."

"Sure," Wide said. "We'll get by fine."

"Better than fine."

"Right. Better."

Then he closed his eyes. He watched a huge white mountain collapse and come tumbling down on him.

There was that crushed feeling in his stomach. But even so, he pretended to smile at her. He said it was something they, really, as if he believed, and this, too, was something he would later remember—the pretending. In the darkness he could feel Kathy's heartbeat, her breath against his cheek. After a time, she kissed him, raising a little her tongue in his ear, which was amazing but which meant she cared for him and wanted him to concentrate on everything they still had or someday could have.

"So there," she said. "We'll be happy now."

"Happy on," he said.

It was a problem of faith. The future seemed molten. There was fatigue, too, and anger, but more than anything there was the emptiness of nothing.

Quietly, lying still, John Wide watched the fog divide itself into channels over the dock and boathouse, where it pooled as if to digest those objects, hovering for a time, then swirling and changing shape and moving heavily up the slope toward their porch.

Landscape he was thinking.

The moment when motion had been dimming all his life had come rushing down on him, all that danger. He told himself not to think about it and then he was thinking again. The numbers were hard. He had been beaten nearly three to one within his own party, he had carried a few college towns and Iowa County and almost nothing else. Lieutenant governor at thirty-eight. Candidate for the United States Senate at thirty-one. Later by landslide at forty-one.

Winners and losers. That was the risk.

But it was more than a lost election. It was something physical. Headaches, that was part of it, and the vertigo in his chest and stomach, and then the rage, how it surged up into his throat and how he wanted to scream the most terrible thing he could imagine—kill him—and how he couldn't help himself and couldn't think straight and couldn't stop

something at inside his head—kill him—because nothing could be done and because it was so brutal and disgraceful and final. He felt every final depravity late at night as electric static came into his blood, a tight, pumped-up jolting rage, and he could keep it in and he couldn't let it out. He wanted to hunt things. Grab a knife and start cutting and slashing and never stop. All those years. Charming like a son of a bitch, clawing his way up such by fucking luck, and then it all came crashing down at once. Everything, it seemed—his sense of purpose, his pride, his career, his honor and reputation, his belief in the future he had so gradually dreamed for himself.

John Wide shook his head and listened to the fog. There was no wind. A single moth played against the screened window behind him.

Forget it, he thought. Don't think.

And then later, when he began thinking again, he took Kathy up against him, holding tight. "Verona," he said firmly. "We'll do it. Deluxe house. The whole town."

"That's a promise?"

"Absolutely," he said. "A promise."

Kathy smiled at him. He could not see the smile, but he could hear a passing through her voice when she said, "What about babies?"

"Everything," Wide said. "Especially that."

"Maybe I'm too old. I hope not."

"You're not."

"I'm thirty-nine."

"No sweat. We'll have thirty-nine babies," he said. "Hire a bus in Verona."

"There's an idea. Then what?"

"I don't know, just drive and see the sights and be together. You and me and a bedload of babies."

"You think so?"

"For sure. I promised."

And then for a long while they lay quietly in the dark, waiting for these things to happen, some sudden miracle. All they wanted was for their lives to be good again.

Kathy pushed back the blankets and moved off toward the water at the far end of the porch. She seemed to watch into the heavy dark, the fog swirling around her, and when she spoke, her voice came from somewhere far away as if lifted from her body, unattached and not quite authentic.

"I'm not crying," she said.

"Of course you're not."

"It's just a rotten time, that's all. This stupid thing we have to get through."

"Stupid," he said.

"I didn't mean—"

"No, you're right. Damned stupid."

Things went silent just the water and woods, a delicate crowd-on-breathing. The night seemed to wrap itself around them.

"John, listen, I can't always come up with the right words. All I mean is—you know, I mean there's this wonderful man I love, and I want him to be happy and that's all I can about. Not elections."

"Fine, dear."

"And not newspapers."

"Fine," he said.



Tim O'Brien has often said that he expects to be writing about the Vietnam War until he dies, and indeed it is that war that lurks at the black heart of his new novel, *In the Lake of the Woods*, the first chapter of which is printed here. The book, which will be published this month by Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence, attempts to account for the mysterious actions of a Minnesota politician and his wife in the wake of a disastrous election. As with O'Brien's narrative *The Things They Carried*, the new novel is, among other things, an investigation into the truths and tricks of storytelling.

Kathy made a sound in the dark that wasn't crying
 "She'd love me!"
 "More close anything?"
 "Lain, I mean?"
 "Lain, he said 'A whole buffet. Come here now!'"
 Kathy crossed the porch, laid down beside him,
 pressed the palm of her hand against his forehead. There

was the steady beat of his and words. In the days after
 word, when she was gone, he would remember this with
 perfect clarity, as if it were still happening. He would
 remember a breathing sound made the fog. He would re-
 member the lift of her hand against his forehead, as
 warmth, how purely alive it was.
 "Happy," she said. "Nothing else."

Buddy in the Woods

BY JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS

MAN COOKED AT THE CAMP and the big tent behind the dining hall hung their leafy branches down like waterfalls. Buddy could climb them and sit hidden, but he seemed to want and listen, he could hear the girls walking down the trail, he could hear them talking, their hand sounds near and far and see them appear, white blouses that moved behind the overhanging green. He was running then and he knew all the paths from games he played alone, pretending to hunt and shoot, climbing his way through he made up. Since Dad was back from Caroline, Buddy no longer creeps, creeping and hiding, quiet, silent, walking rocks to the stream like Dad. He was almost making him, smiling where Buddy had been. But Dad never walked in the forest, he stayed to the house and the road, he went to the store. Buddy thought about the one where you find a rifle and a hat with cutlery, take him hunting and complete, usually, say with me, boy you creep about on foot and behind it. I don't know where to shoot. But I ask. From far off the tall girls really were like a line of chatter, down, shimmering in the woods. Close up they were loud talking and laughing, they didn't care who heard them, not like Buddy. He could go along in the bushes and cover like a fire in a hop, a woods mouse sliding over big roots, between the stems and vines and thorny runners. The tall girls never saw him. He wanted them to see. How old are you this year, Buddy, and he said eight even if he couldn't write right or write words, the letters with all their black jumping shapes meant the way and size.

Now he was in the trees, deep in the quiet, silent and alone, ringing up and down the trails and through the woods. I don't know where you come from, boy. Dad would say, you go across for brains and the woods south of a site fire, then Mom would tighten the corners of her mouth and put her big hand on Buddy's head, push his hair so tender he would sit to feel it. Today his pockets were stuffed with nuts, with the plastic jars cups were at breakfast, and apples (leaves he'd taken from the tree when Mrs. didn't see. But for the trap,

trap, trap. He'd get him a rabbit this week, he knew he would, and he'd show it to the girls. Keep it hidden, away from Mom and Dad. Chasing, he remembered the discarded case outside Great Hall, the one he'd helped Frank open yesterday, Frank laughing and cursing. Together they'd kicked and shoved the wooden box back against the same foundation of the hill. It would still be there, and Buddy would only have to not come near the end, Frank would help him. For a few hours, Buddy back to the house and get him around noon when Mom was busy with lunch and Dad would be sleeping on the porch, sleeping on the broken metal chair while the fire made their sounds near his face, sleeping on his side with his feet tucked up and his long arms folded over his belly that's how he'd sleep up, Buddy knew, on a hard stool like a piece of meat. The old father took in the bed felt too tall now and Mom made him nervous, he said. Why you sit big as the side of a tree, like trying to straddle a white, then his laughter beyond the wall of the blanket tacked between the bars. You will feel it though, big as you are, your old hard back pushing up like this, then and her voice all rough like she was used from walking hard, goes out of them, goes away from me, he not even angry. When you're talking about, he's a firm boy, seen a man he's old enough to wiggle, he back there before I show you how to. In his sleep, Buddy could hear them, like they talked all night in the room, they could hear them, when Buddy opened his eyes he watched a big mosquito move its tangled legs in a web that bridged a corner of the window. You think we say different than those dogs and chickens and cats, Dad would say those dogs (those coons you hear scream out by the dump?) They did scream, white women, Dad called them, fighting over garbage they watched in the same stream that flowed through Camp Shelter.

Buddy had seen them, hunched by the water in moonlight like madmen, crying, worrying, whatever word like they were blind and had to find it, dipping their monkey-like hands and pulling back to him, screaming warnings, showing the teeth of their snarled, high-eyed faces. He might have a coin if he could ever find a baby and bring it, a baby was easy to get and they were mean as snakes and but, a rabbit was easy to get and if he built a cage in the woods so no one saw. Dad wouldn't kill it, animal like Dad as whatever word. You'd get yourself

a job instead of slapping all day you wouldn't be in such a hurry at night, Mom said, then she lay down, pipe right down at the camp. Moving through the trees, Buddy heard their voices played back like whispers. Like he must have heard them in the dark while he was dreaming and fighting again, you don't sleep anywhere else. He's old enough to use a now and I don't want him watching. Dad's cockled laughter. You have to look me out! Won't have to fix nothing, you can prove, they'll come and get you. You not calla nobody you wait five years for my sorry son. His long light mouth in the with the touch of night breeze and the house seemed to move, idly like a paper boat on the surface of the stream that was still walking down by the woods in the dark, and Buddy would dream he was outside in the spring hammock between the pines, looking in the shade where so grass grew, there was only hard bare dirt lined with needles and sticks, dirt black and moist from the old shade of the night, pencil-point trim. He remembered when Mom would sweep the ground with a broom on Sundays and they'd spread a blanket and sat blackberries Buddy had picked down by the road, when it was all like a long song broken up by the scratch of trunks, trees they took to the prison in December and April. He remembered when they were going to the jail, they didn't let him to ask her why for a long time she didn't say. Dad got into them, just that he went. The trees rattled through the night and the sound made Buddy sleep but he knew Mom was coming, making the pulsed noise like she took walking. Later, once they were walking from the road to the dead stone face of the prison, she said Dad had done a bad wrong and was waiting here to be forgiven. Buddy knew then that Mom was mistaken, she knew even less than Buddy knew because Dad would not wait to be forgiven, he was only waiting for them to open all the doors and gates, and that would take a long time. The big door didn't want to open at all and Mom had a hard time pulling it while Buddy dragged through the paper socks of fructose and baked chicken and never long underwear, when they were inside where it was no longer cold but was like night again, with the light on overhead, and was in uniform like dad clerks all had circular metal rings of keys. Buddy heard the pinging of the keys, then seeing shadows and the movement of each man's feet. But he knew Mom moved on silently in her long grey coat, the broad rounded web of her backside wider than any two of the men.

He was safe with Mom, her sibling, gentle both the only indication he was where he should be. They walked her slow, considered, heavy walk, and he moved in her wake where there was no resistance, just a cleared path whose view was blocked by her bulk. He didn't need to see, it was all like blindness's bluff, walking down the road to the school his fall, winter, spring, sucked into a tunnel of voices as the bus

whizzed and clanged shut in a shuddered door. Mom rode, too, sitting always behind the driver, a woman she knew and the kids on the bus first tumbled home, your mother is fine, big as an elephant, a house, and he spit back threats, challenges, damn up or she'll sit on your belly and crush you dead, she's done it, I've seen her. What's the reason back there she driver yelled. You kids sit down, and Mom would turn and find them all with a slanting look. If they went to the grocery or the welfare clinic, they walked home or caught a ride with someone who let them off at their road. Behind her, Buddy didn't care if he saw where they were going, he could feel by the air and the weighty sound of densely leaved branches above them that they were on their road. He knew the run and name and the narrow, broken bridge where the stream ran under, the stream that had as sound behind his house, through Camp Shelter, the stream that went underground in the cave and fell beside Hole. Buddy didn't go in the cave, it was too low and still and water rilled inside like something in a drawer. At the prison there'd been no sound but foot-steps as constant, the buzzing of the lights overhead a low drone like insects trapped in glass bars. In the prison he'd wished he didn't have to see Dad. Dad wore paper clothes and his eyes were bare. Since he sat up there beside you, let me see if the way you got growned. Oh? You still a wee pup? Mom filed Buddy before he could run and Buddy was high or then the half walls of the cubicles. Chunks of buckled wire were hooked up, dark ruffled men appeared then looked up, a guard started over and Buddy patted down. He hid then under the counter while Dad was laughing, Jesus! You think he's gonna scare the girls? After an event! Mom laughed, pointed and quiet, the guard had sat down again but Buddy stayed hidden. Mom's black boots were worn and the white flesh above her rolled wooden socks was varnished with blue, like the was too big for her skin. At night in the cold, Buddy slept with her and dreamed he was running, running like this in the woods, higher and higher, cleaving sideways and upward on a loose dirt bank, moving on all fours in grass roots and vines under the canopy of trees. Make no sound, leave no track, that was not a rhyme but a song he sang, hearing the girls near him now, above and to the right, at the very moment, all in a confusion like they were trapped. Buddy knew all, every move they made. They were marching, so breakfast, he could circle round behind and follow them down, tell them about the rabbits, present a half trap, one, they could catch it, he'd let them as a secret, away from the rest. He ran with the promise in mind, smug as his fingers the loose, thick smell of the rabbit's skin, his hide like a fluid glow over a deckwork of small hard bones and long pink shins of muscle. He could smell the rabbit, wrong somewhere and looking, as pounding heart like a seed that jumped. ■

Of all the experiences that went into the making of Jayne Anne Phillips's new novel, *Shelter*, one of the earliest occurred when, as a girl, she became lost in a West Virginia cave while spelunking with her brother. They spent the next few hours squeezing through various passageways on their hands and knees, finally emerging at another entrance. "I never was that worried," says Phillips. Of course, crawling for hours through a pitch-black cave is probably good training for writing a novel. *Shelter*, now out from Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence, marks Phillips's first since 1984's *Machine Dreams*.



Report from Milan; eros and gray flannel; return of the vested suit

On Fashion: Woody Hoebswender

Flash from Europe

WHEN MEN'S designers showed their spring collections recently in Milan, fashion editors and store buyers had to wonder if

over-the-top styling had taken the place of the comfortable modern tailoring the city is known for. It was a season Myra Breckinridge would have loved. I mean, silk stoles on top of pin-stripe suits? Chiffon

blouses unbuttoned at the navel? Some of the styles seemed almost radioactive in their bad taste. But then, perhaps the key point is so short, intensely Shiva is due.

A new suit style is emerging, based on the 1930s and 1940s (the lapelled business suit, due to *Italy's* *liberty* *romanticism*) of the shoulders of an earlier time. Dolce & Gabbana, a young Milanese design team known for being provocative, was retro-designing with a capital E.

Their presentation began with a parade of blue suits, many with a satin finish, mostly three-buttoned, in a rigid and curly box mode—that is, a slim fit, shorter silhouette. They were worn with shiny, two- and black patent-leather shoes and accompanied by Sinatra singing "Two Got You Under My Skin."



The look is a direct counterpoint to the dominant men's suit shape of recent years: the more formal, high performance, light weight wool suits of Giorgio Armani and others, with their longer, looser, less structured fit.

In the Armani show which had Tyle Lovett, Laura Benati, and Leonardo DiCaprio in the front row, the designer demonstrated why his unconventional suit has become the model for tailored clothing around the world. Blurring the lines between business suits and other kinds of clothing, Armani showed a wide array of jacket shapes, including many three-button suits, loosely silk collared jackets, and a new belted suit. He was not doing one particular shape but rather an encyclopedia of shapes—Armani shapes. Most were worn with very full, unbuttoned, ruffled shirts, two knotted like scarves, and scooped-out, curly waistcoats. The look is supremely relaxed and languid. It and its variations will continue to be the driving force in

Stylized: Giorgio Armani's new line (left) and Dolce & Gabbana's (right) suits (left) and Armani's soft tailoring (right).



Stylized: From left, Gianni Versace's new line (left) and Dolce & Gabbana's (right) suits (left) and Armani's soft tailoring (right).



GIORGIO ARMANI

60 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
400 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60610
100 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60610
100 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60610



GIORGIO ARMANI

83 Madison Avenue, New York 444 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 1400
22 Broadway Street, Boston 300 North Wacker, Palm Beach
The Americana At Midtown, New York



Claudio Schiffrer: Long overcoating sweater from Krizia

men's wear, despite occasional blips on the fashion screen.

Some of the best clothes in Milan were made by old-time houses, like Ermenegildo Zegna, whose ultra-lightweight, sum in silk, sharkskinlike wool, and subtly wrinkled cotton poplin seemed both fashionable and traditional. Gucci, a house that specializes in classic sportswear, also made its statement with old-time good tailoring: flared, double-breasted suits with richer pockets and big, bold checks. Guiseppe Ferré featured bold perspectives with matching shirts for a vivid optical effect. Canali, another Milanese house, showed an impressive group of progressively tailored suits with soft shoulders and longish jackets in a variety of bunter tones.

Sometimes the venue seems as important as the clothes. Romeo Gigli, an early proponent of the three-button fashion mix, showed his elegant Armani-inspired collection in a dark, old Pavilli one warehouse, a soaring steel superstructure with ten story columns. The base of cigarette smoke and fluid Rovere music reinforced the feeling that Gigli is a designer in his own world and time.

Giovanni Versace showed his spring collection in the courtyard of his Milan palazzo, to the strains of a rap performance-art group. The clothes were very rock 'n' roll, including pink, green, and red leather pants, stainless-steel blazers, and lots of ribbed knit muscle sweaters. His new tailored shape was a low-thing, over-button jacket, fastened just above a man's place of business, which will pose fit problems for men with our slinky, rock star hips.

Some design men certainly seem interested in changing the stereotypes of what is manly and what is feminine. This high-Drama movement can lead to some-



Made in Milan: Fallai's shirt with shawl collar, trim suit from Gucci

what degraded in association. At the Milanese show the men were dressed in brocade gowns and had noses be-



reaved their noses. At Krizia the models wore their hair in fuchsia. One hip and wandered down the runway, wearing delicate chiffon blouses over plaid pants and silver-jungled cowboy-style half boots. One model in particular, a tall blond with shoulder-length hair styled moved-tripped to the end of the catwalk in a cordigan sweater parted in middle, his ravel and made swooshy faces at the audience. Observers dubbed him Claudio Schiffrer.

Aldo Fallai, the silver-haired, gray-haired progenitor of the Krizia fashion empire, watched the proceedings with a somewhat bewildered look. "I am, of course, from a different generation," Fallai says. "I wouldn't dare wear chiffon." Many models will share his sentiments. But I know boys would say "Make more chiffon!" ■

Paris's Chic Sheen

Glossy finishes ruled in Paris, where men's fashion designers were in a reflective mood



Shine: The shimmering metallic looks in dark chocolate from left, Denis Van Nalen's dark double-breasted 80's rubber pants; from Paul Gaultier's androgynous pastiche; Christian de Garsone's vibrant blue suit; and Van Nalen's reflective eyelid.



Coup de Grays

The fall men's collections were shot through with gray, hitherto known as the color of ennui and conformity. With a nod to the photographer Helmut Newton, we show gray's smoky, gunmetal-glamour side.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ROBERTS



Double-breasted three-piece wool suit: above and opposite, middle, by Giorgio Armani; opposite page, right, double-breasted wool suit by Giorgio Armani; shorts, ties, and pocket squares by Thorelli; shoes by Giorgio Armani; Herdies; the Gianni Versace tie; Versace by Alessandro Falla. All jewelry by Christian Dior; Christian Lacroix; and Claude Moneta. Models: Elie MacPherson; Bernd Busch; Jim Dahl.



Double-breasted waist suit by 1901; Khaki shirt, tie, and pocket square by Charvet. Her dress and gloves by Christian Dior

“Cut that out,” he said maternally.

Double-breasted waist suit by 1901; Khaki shirt, tie, and pocket square by Charvet. Her dress and gloves by Christian Dior

“Cut that out,” he said maternally.

After making love, we are sad.

Front left: Double-
strap wool coat by
Deli. Backless top,
single-breasted
wool suit by Oliver
Heckel, shirt and
tie by Charvet. Shoes
by Giorgio Armani.
Bottom: Blue
denim. Double-
breasted shirt.
Striped wool coat by
Deli. Full-length top,
double-breasted
wool jacket and
trousers by Claude
Mouton, shirt and
tie by Charvet. Shoes
by Giorgio Armani.

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by Giorgio Armani.

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Single-breasted wool-blend suit by Dolce & Gabbana; shirt and tie by Charvet; shoes by Manolo Blahnik for American Alps. Opposite page, from left: Four-button ultra-soft suit, wool suit by New York City, shirt, tie, and pocket square by Charvet; three-button ultra-soft suit, wool suit by Dolce & Gabbana; shirt, tie, and pocket square by Charvet.

Gray goes well with patent leather.

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Gray goes well with patent leather.

Looks good, behaves abysmally.



The Italian Job 147

Double-breasted gravity and Elegance.

From left: Three-button three-piece wood suits by Guccio Gucci and tie by Charvet. Dress and gloves by Christian Lacroix, handbag by Hermès. Three-piece double-breasted suit and tie by Prada. Ralph Lauren, shirt by Charvet.

Double-breasted gravity and Elegance.

From left: Three-button three-piece wood suits by Guccio Gucci and tie by Charvet; dresses by Alexander; shoes gloves by Christian Lacroix; handbag by Shiseido. Three-piece double-breasted suit and tie by Polo by Ralph Lauren, shirt by Charvet



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Their besties, wool suit, by
Fayoussieh cotton shirt by Ghazal
silk tie by Baker-Turner, sweater dress
by Alice Ghazal, Oppenheimer Pearl
wool suit by Rustin-Early, cotton shirt
by Sabatino Ferragamo, silk tie by
Rust of Ghazal by Robert Talbot.

Three of a Kind

For a while there, the vested suit seemed to have gone the way of the top hat. But among men who like to look polished—even with the jacket off—it has reemerged. Sometimes more is more.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES

PRODUCED BY JOHN MATHES





Three-button wool suit by *Kiton*; vest, cotton shirt by *Ermenegildo Zegna*; and tie by *Paul & Shark*. Jacket, vest, and pants by *Kenneth Cole*. Opposite: Three-button wool suit by *Kiton*; vest, cotton shirt by *Vermorel*; and tie by *Paul & Shark* by *Robert Talbot*.



Three-button wool-and-synle suit by Paul Sherg, cotton shirt by Hank Shatkin Collection, silk tie by Best of Class by Robert Talbot, leather shoes by Gills & Co. Opposite: Two-button wool suit by Theunert Opposite, cotton shirt by Kings Men, silk tie by Fourmakin.

For more information see page 188.





CARS

Phil Patton

The Triumph of the Car-Car

CAR-CAR, Jerry Hinchberg, who heads up Nissan's California design studio, calls shiny-cars that are not sports cars or luxury cars or luxury sports sedans, nor minivans or sports vans but down the middle finely four-doors.

Two years ago, Hinchberg's studio turned out the Nissan Altima, the car-car that had the courage to look smaller than its competitors while actually offering more interior space. Now he and what he calls his "pet band of designers" have come up with the concept below the Maxima, Nissan's larger sedan. Discarding the idea that such a car "should pertain to be a network drama," Hinchberg and Nissan have given us something new: The Maxima—especially in the SE sport configuration—is a non-luxury car misapprehending as a mid-range finely four-door.

This is a big year for car-cars. In the market segment just below the Maxima, Ford is offering its new Contour, which it spent \$1 billion to develop, and Chrysler is presenting its Cirrus and Plymouth Stratus per-closest-to-appear to carefully surveyed, meticulously defined markets. Designing a car-car, Hinchberg believes, is harder than creating a sports car or an entry-level econo-bug. Providing one car for everyone risks creating a bland, unobjectionable John Doe-model, like a politician who too scrupulously follows the polls. Some models seem like rolling marketing surveys with all the details of individuality smoothed away. But in the soft lines and curvy edges of car-cars, in the near-groove shapes and curves, some few vehicles are leading. To find these, though, you have to know what they are saying—and car-car, more than other cars, can speak in code.

Today the market is so crowded that good car research means beyond demographics to "psychographics." To plumb the psychographic depths, researchers are hiring researchers who probe the current state of the American mind. Nissan turned to Berkeley, whose surveys define the 1990s as a time when reality is still deniable, just understood. Ford has hired Edwards Associates, which specializes in "psychological insights"—working between the lines to figure out what people really want their cars to say. It's not that you as what you drive, the theory goes, it's that you drive what you want to be.

In Hinchberg's view, what the Maxima "seems to be saying is 'I'm like everything you can need.' It's not bragging. It shows a quiet confidence." Consider the Maxima's

very name. The careful balance of soft vowels and measuring consonants, plus just a touch of the X-factor, could have been generated by a computer. Nissan's surveys show that its buyers express more loyalty to model names such as Altima or Maxima than to the company's name, which has suffered more nominal credit than John McEldowney. Nissan came to America, you'll recall, as Datsun, then changed back.

The car's subtle virtues began right in the cockpit. The Maxima of the previous generation was appreciated for such touches as its gauges—copied by Chrysler for the LH car—whose numbers pop out black against white during the day but glow white on black at night. That spirit of understated innovation now dominates the whole design.

The new Maxima won't stand out in a parking lot. It has the understated heavy grace of the previous Maxima, reflections of its upscale cousin, the Infiniti Q45, and hints of the smaller Altima, plus a dollop of E class Mercedes and a pinch of real Lexus. Hidden beneath the shape, though, is an engine at once higher, more powerful, and more efficient than its predecessor, along with a larger interior and longer wheelbase—and the price is lower, although Nissan has raised sedans on the rest of its line.

Even better contemplated are such technical features as the new "Mile-Link Beam" rear suspension. What is designed as a tweak on the old-fashioned beam suspension—instead of the favored independent wishbones—turns out to be a remarkable advance for handling, reducing the load on the wheel that takes the turn and keeping it upright. The trade-off is a bit more roughness on level pavement.

But you have to drive the car to appreciate that it's more than a sum of such specs and techs, that the new Maxima V-6 offers 190 horsepower, 50 more than the old one, and has comfortably more torque for driving stress on those brisk early morning plunges down on ramps into the car pool. Only behind the wheel can you understand that the model-based beam suspension provides a downgoing sensory start of stick-to-invents on road curves. Lurking beneath its modest exterior is a very quick car. But you can talk to consultants at Nissan for a long time before someone mentions, as if it had just accidentally occurred to him by the willful chance, that the Maxima is faster, zero to sixty, than any other Japanese sedan, including the eight-cylinder Infiniti and Lexus—6.6 seconds with the manual—but very discreetly so. ■

Nissan Maxima SE Technical Features

Engine: Three-liter, 24 valves, double-overhead-valve V-6, 198 horsepower, 235 foot-pounds torque

Acceleration: 0 to 60 in 6.6 seconds (with manual transmission)

Fuel economy: 21 mpg city, 27 highway

Other features: Four-wheel, ABS disc brakes (optional)

Base price: \$21,300



MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

One Hit, One Wonder

THE MAXIMA five-CD series for Giant Girl (though—ME Music/Infiniti) fits (Infiniti) come with what passed for star name luck in that not-too-distant pop-oriented past. Rockers like Graham Parker, Dave Edmunds, and the shy Nick Lowe ride Wonder and the B 5's, Devin Sparrow, XTC, and Split Seven all present and accounted for that weight, down to the garage, we're not thinking about stars.

Though we're ignoring all but those three or four chords that really count. We're missing for the real nuggets, the supposed ones that shimmered up to 1970 into the golden pop years they were. The set list: We'll kick off with "Turner Turner's '63 pop jingle," because it's about a girl whose name is written on the wall, and it's great. Next is the Nails' "66 Lure About as Waters," if we can remember the names of all the chicks, then it's on to Plastic Fantastic's "Ca Plane pour Mea" even if French (what French talk—we should) is just another failed subject to us. "Turning Japanese" by The Vapors, is essential '80s about masturbation. We'll end with "Worm Lecherette" by the Nermal. A romantic poem to J. G. (Bella's twisted novel of self-motivation) comes. Oooh. "Worm L." speaks to the heart "A lot of perverts in your eye/The head looks like/You're you die."

In the movie, we've got the Kings The Kings! In the name of British called Bill Gert's Car and The Kings! Gentle, what kind names is that? The Kings! It's an answer of the society and the Kings are currently obscure. They're downright invisible, except, of course, for that subtle two minutes and thirty-two seconds of "Smother to Glide" with the first line of origin, followed by power chord, power chord, and power chord, we scream. "Nothing matters but the weekend/From a Tuesday point of view... Smother to glide," a lot of pop heaven.

That's our music. But, hold one star strike—and out. We might as well call ourselves the One Hit Wonder, in tribute to such stars as Chuck Berry ("Psychotic Reaction"), Don and Juan ("What's Your Name?"), American Breed ("Good Me, Shape Me"), and the Goats ("7 and the Mystrans, eternally crying those "66 Turn" As the Rikito collection instructs, the early 1980s slog heap

represents the most charming mutation of the pop ethic since the British invasion. To be sure, the wonder, however, you've got to have a hit. The subtitle "Smother to Glide" and Marshall Crenshaw's commentaries "Smothering Somebody" may be separate or curdly, but they didn't sell worth a damn.

But, hey, blackheads! Let's hit this man with the analytical rhythm snail. First off, the radioactive pop bloom that dominated the early dog days of Reaganism could have occurred only as a time of decreased corporate control over pop music. Unleashed by punk's anarchy, the melting rapists sought to cling rather's arrows with glam metal liners and sleazy 1980s holdovers in the manner of Emerson, Lake and Palmer. But the all MTV. Throwing down the gauntlet with its initial offering, the Beatles' "Radio Killed the Radio Star" (included in Rikito's package), MTV signed a veritable kingdom of pop style. Lights, bright, lots of surface. The network quickly co-opted into an industry game, but for a fleeting moment in 1980, it was a beacon of pop liberation.

With the "big" groups, their synapses a day's ride apart, slow to enter the video age, MTV played just about anything (as long as it wasn't black, metal, or political).

The road stretched postmodern bubble-gummers who, whether they made videos or not, understood the disposability of MTV culture. The video format played out the Top Forty anomaly (at which, subtle but not wave groups grow up in. Regarding punk's aggression, new-wave groups produced triple albums instead with a knowing literary wit sound in Reagan's Spelling book optimism. Nothing was made to last. Bands came together, cut some tracks, broke up, changed their names. This sleeker designed for the capitalist canon forged a spirit of subversive mindlessness that not only freed these non-heavenly from the stigma of failure but turned their brief work into the sky into a symbol of unstayed pop heroism.

But enough! Say the words "cultural studies" and I march for my brother. Blow about. "Hold On to Something" by Giant Buildings? Peg as Madonna? Wang's in 1980, a touch of surrealism in 1980, they were in the current then by 1981. Hence: Heroes all in.

The Laser Line

New (and) not had this month

David Ball, "Behind the Problem" (Warner Bros.) It may not be George Jones, but with the *Problem* doing it, it's like

Sam Mangione, "Behind the Problem" (Warner Bros.) The *Problem* creator was Francis X. Sullivan, "Sullivan" might be the end of the year.

Lip White, "Behind the Problem" (Warner Bros.) (Kicking the box) White, with known social Lip White, does his administrator a quick kick in the overly southern down to just some

Leonard Cohen, "Behind the Problem" (Warner Bros.) Always had it, the *Problem*, the punner's aggression of these performers cannot be denied

G. Love and Special Sauce, "Love and Special Sauce" (Mercury) Again, that busy musician, which bag

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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ.

[continued from page 164] and said I should roll with the change, not cling to my past. His new harmony coming into the light after struggle I should beware of a dark-haired woman "in her maturity" who needed to exaggerate and fluff going. I should avoid confiding in her. I would know her as soon as our types met. One cycle in my life was dying and a positive cycle was beginning, but I should check everything before I went ahead. Someone was willing to give as she gave as a transaction, and my project would be successful.

Now, wasn't this a fabulous thought? Someone would help me write my next novel. I could talk to my soul buddy someone about my book. It would be like Harold Nicholson and Wm. Sackville West working on their garden—the doing the planning and the the planning.

Joseph said that two and a half years ago, I had been in a negative cycle, but I was heading for a new productivity. It would begin the third week of August, and by late October, I would notice the difference. By spring everything would be falling into place.

Then I asked Joseph a few questions. He said my tail was being moved through a computer center in Miami, but he was in Pennsylvania. For eight years, he had traveled all over, and now he was living with friends in the middle of the woods. It was a conforming image—a world traveler who had gotten up running to go to the woods and be my provider. I had to be wondering about these other friends, however.

Joseph said he had a private salon only for readings, so that he could focus on my voice and the "images" would not go off into the house. Joseph's mother and grandmother were both professional readers, and he got his first tutor when he was four, but he didn't quite get the hang of it all he was fifteen or sixteen. "I'm more conversational than clairvoyant," he admitted, and wished me many blessings. I would find peace and harmony after my struggle. "That's all anyone needs," I said.

About an hour later, I called the next available psychic on the Psychic Friends Network. I think they said, "The Psychic Friends and Access Network," but they said it too quickly to be sure. They said the call was "too environment." "Dionne Warwick is the

spokewoman for the "mister psychics" of this network, and Dionne seems to have finally found the way to San Jose via her psychic friends.

I got Caroline (pronounced Caroline), who preferred not to ask specific questions, but I requested a career reading. Caroline saw a job or career change coming. I might need some training for it, and she saw me moving into the medical or human services field. She asked if I was married and if there was another man in my life, and if my husband was working. I could tell she was probing to find out what had made me hit the hot line at 11:00 A.M. She said she saw celebrations around me. My new job might be the same type of work, maybe an offer coming to me. She saw money around me. Was I thinking of buying some land? Caroline said "Your cards are really beautiful," she said for a second time, but also, I heard no sounds of cards or shuffling.

I was just about to cut out of my Royal Flush Psychic Friends for not a minute when the phone rang, and it was Leslie Weisman, chairman of the Leland awards.

Was this my career change? What I about to be typed for the Vatican's Secret coding? Les had done about 10 billion in sales last year. Was this the money Caroline had seen around me?

Les told me that everything I had predicted about him in an article in *Playboy* had come true. Now, there are great gains. Joseph had the power, he said. I called Mr. James of the Royal Flush psychic, and a similar voice confirmed me right to Buckingham Palace, where he lay a secret-card spread for me. And now Mr. James also saw a competing older woman, a split with someone, and an upward swing to a new, new world.

By now, certain themes had emerged. There is always hope for a better world, full spring, summer. There is always someone to blame and hang out a pinched forehead on. There has been a rift, but there is the promise of a soul's transcendent. Money is in confusion, but "not got cards" have suggesting expansion of work. "Maybe that's not a common spirit but really my destiny. Maybe, for four dollars a minute, the answers are in the cards and stars.

We'll see. ■



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By J. Edgar Hoover

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MR. FEATHERS, ESQ.

Julie Baumgold

When You Gotta Have Friends

AT 3:30 IN THE MORNINGS, the weak hour when resolve melts and surreal bodies collide, when apertures fill the howling alone, when the owls are swooping and the Newhouse brothers are getting up, I tune into the Psychic Friends on TV. I can mean or lose a psychic virgin ready to dip into the mysteries of the great beyond and looking myself with the common to find answers to questions I haven't even imagined.

Psychic friends, unlike my friends, are available twenty-four hours a day. So what if I have to pay? Every five minutes of psychiatric care ago, forty-five minutes on the phone with a psychic friend costs about \$10. And they talk and answer questions. How could this not appeal to a nation whose favorite sport is gambling? Cheap thrills, squandering money, missing work, trying to know the unknowable, opening into the void? As long as the money lasts, I can have any psychic friends to die desperate and, at times, beyond—very very beyond.

The voices from the seething hours when people are fragile, when pain is worse because they are alone with it. Here, in a time of grave doubt, soup stars and those in career twilight can have any hope. In the land of the free and good members of the Doctor's Thigh Cream, the Stimulator Plus Relief Device, of walking to weight loss, and exotic sexual crossings, here are the nuthanger remedies. Audiences for these infomercials look like they have just come down the saucer ramp. I join them, my fellow sufferers in the land of lost sons and void moons, listening to the psychics and their cherry hosts. Of all the consolations, this is perhaps the strongest—the consolation to know "tell me about myself," "tell me what will happen. If it's good, I can help it happen." It's 3:30, after all, an hour when people stand on edges with their toes hooked over the edge. Should I jump now or did for 29 99 a minute? Should I listen to Rip Taylor and Dianne Wiest? "All it takes is a telephone and an open mind." I decided to wait till fall morning because at 3:30 I was afraid of giving too much information to my new psychic buddies.

My first call was to the Kerry Kingdon Psychic Hotline. If I knew the extension of my chosen psychic, I could press his number; if not, I could wait for the next available psychic

or hold to choose from a long, money-gobbling menu of psychic friends. Yes, I would have to shop for my friend. The voices varied from dapper to depressed—some as far away they seemed to come from the hemisphere. A few had foreign accents, and a couple were men. There was Joseph, the psychic clairvoyant, and Laurel, who advised on romance, money or finding lost objects. To a person who spends about an hour a day looking for lost objects, Laurel had a certain appeal. There was the High Priestess, Eva, Ange, Ruby, Polly ("Call me anytime"), and Anne ("I'm a good psychic and a tarot-card reader"). But offered me my past, present, and future. "Sorry, I can't take your call now," one of them said. Craig was a clairvoyant and a clairvoyant. Michele Tulu had an accent I couldn't place. Rachel knew what tomorrow held. On and on they went until

I got so nervous I had to hang up. Clearly, Kerry Kingdon's line was not for the cheap or undecided. And where does it stop? If Joseph doesn't have the answers, maybe Mary or Isabel does. Or you might go through the menu and leap to other psychic networks—like the Psychic Friends who offer "master" psychics, or the Royal British Psychic Friends, who "advise members of the British royal family."

Were disbeliever still nervous? What were their lives? Did they all sit together in one room and scream with laughter after they hung up? Were there set responses and scripts? For here the soul is a piecework cottage industry; a bit old-fashioned in these times of E-mail and Internet, the idea of two strangers joined by telephone. I decided to call up Joseph, extension 101, because he was first on the menu and had a strong voice.

Joseph asked me if I would like a general reading or if I had a specific question. He asked my date of birth and said he would read my tarot cards because he felt particularly in tune with the time that day. "If you would give me just a minute to draw your cards," he said as I heard cards being shuffled on the table. "There has been the weaving of a friendship or relationship." True. I was also feeling some stress coping with two different things—a safe conversation to make to a Gemini, the sign of the twins. The last ninety days, he said, had provided me with all the answers.

Joseph saw a lot of change about to take place. [continued on page 161]



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